THE LIVING AGE

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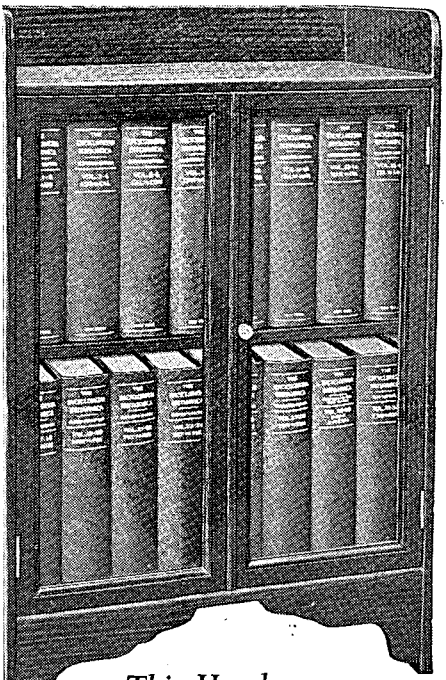

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THIS WEEK

THAT it should be considered necessary to prove that the war was worth while shows to what a pretty pass we have come. Wickham Steed, however, has no doubts on the subject and wishes that we could feel again the old surge of idealism that sent some of us tramping off to avenge hapless Belgium ten years ago. It is even suggested that we can still arouse our fighting blood if we stop to ruminate on the Reds and other unpleasant opponents of law and order.

* * *

Ramiro de Maeztu gives us one of the soundest articles we have seen in months. His theme is that most of the sorrows of the world are due to automobiles. They clog the mental processes and make Frenchmen write decadent novels. It is just as well that he does not mention what they have done to Americans.

* * *

General Percin seems to be one of those men who think it smart to bawl out England. First he quotes an English publication which suggested getting rid of German competition by occupying the country and destroying her factories; then he urges France and Germany to join hands and make 'an invincible moral buttress of European peace.' Think of the silent and stinging insult he delivers to Great Britain in omitting her name from any moral combination of Powers!

* * *

The roster of Noah's Ark is completed in Rudolf Requadt's final article. Antelopes, gnus, buffaloes, and the familiar figure of the long-legged koodoo stride across his pages, having been driven from their lairs by a furious forest fire.

* * *

The Living Buddha — who, by the way, disclaims any relationship to the *Living Age* — has been observed on his native Mongolian heath by Mr. Impey. It is a wild scene and one that few, if any, of our readers will ever have an opportunity to witness at better than secondhand.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 322 — *SEPTEMBER 20, 1924* — NO. 4185

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

AFTERTHOUGHTS ON THE DAWES REPORT

SISLEY HUDDLESTON, the Paris correspondent of the *New Statesman*, says that 'perhaps the most notable result of the London Conference has been the growth in France of a healthy skepticism about Reparations,' and adds: 'Whether large sums are received, whether the Dawes plan collapses, will not hereafter be of much importance.' The Dawes plan has furnished an adequate pretext for a complete change of direction, and France, in spite of superficial appearances, understands the true significance of what has been done. He believes the French are rapidly losing the 'economic ingenuousness' that has hitherto characterized popular discussion of the Reparations question, not only in France but also to no small extent in other countries.

Meanwhile the man in the street in England refuses to interest himself in the Report despite the fact that the historic Conference that accepted it was held in London. The leader-writer of the *Outlook* observes: —

I doubt whether many people have really studied either the Dawes Report or the London Agreement with any care. I exclude, of course, politicians, journalists, and business men, whose interests may be affected — I am speaking entirely of the general public. In traveling up and down the country lately I have heard much restaurant and railway-carriage talk of Business, Wages and Prices, the Housing Programme, the Dole and Emigration, and that ubiquitous curse of modern conversation, Golf; but hardly ever a word on the state of Europe, except as a playground.

Although the success of the London Conference was a feather in Premier MacDonald's cap and probably strengthened his Government, the Conference disclosed lack of discipline in his Cabinet that exposed him and his Party to criticism. Mr. Snowden created a momentary stir by condemning in a public interview two decisions of the Conference. He did not believe the arrangement satisfactory by which, if Germany is unable to secure from her industrialists the deliveries ordered by the Arbitral Commission, her failure will be regarded as willful default and expose her to sanctions; and he condemns even a temporary continuance of the occupation of the Ruhr. Mr.

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Snowden is equally put out because the Government to which he belongs has concluded a treaty with Soviet Russia containing a conditional promise of a loan to that country.

Despite the vociferations of the ultra-Nationalists, the German press, for the most part, views the acceptance of the Report with an air of sober relief. The Junkers took the occasion of their recent meeting at Weimar to abuse the German negotiators in London as traitors and betrayers of their country; but it is likely that some of these very men voted later for the railway law the enactment of which constituted Germany's practical endorsement of the new agreement. In Belgium acquiescence with the new programme seems general. That country has, for a long period, been officially in favor of a commercial solution of post-war problems.

*

A SHEAF OF BALKAN RUMORS

DISTURBING reports from the Balkans are so normal as to attract serious attention only when they rise to a crescendo. That has been the situation during the past few weeks. Numerous reports have appeared in the European press of Communist activities in Bulgaria, where a cargo of arms destined for the revolutionists was recently seized on the Black Sea coast. Ever since the overthrow of Stambuliskii many of the peasants have been ready to rise at the first favorable opportunity. The present Government, which does not exist by virtue of a popular vote taken without duress, distrusts the loyalty of its own troops. In addition to this, the Macedonians, both recent refugees and longer-established residents of Bulgaria, are said to be ready to support the Communists. They constitute a very important military factor, for they are armed and accustomed to the tactics that the Communists would probably employ in case of an insurrection.

Prager Tagblatt reports that a Russian scientist who has just returned to Prague from an extensive tour of the Balkans was told by Fodor Alexandrov, the Macedonian leader, that his followers had decided to support the Communists 'because the existing Zankov Cabinet possesses no authority either at home or in the League of Nations. The efforts of the Macedonians to gain independence can only succeed by upsetting the present status quo in the Balkans, and the way to begin that is to give the Communists control of Bulgaria.'

This disaffected element has been reënforced by a large influx of refugees, said to number 20,000 or more, who have crossed the border into Bulgaria from Turkish Thrace within the last few weeks. The Turks insisted on treating these people as Greeks and repatriating them to Greece because they belong to the Greek Church. As the Bulgarians love the Greeks as little as they do the Turks, the deportees promptly took refuge in the land of their own tongue.

But the area of disturbance is not confined to Bulgaria, though it has its focus there. The Communists are intriguing actively in Bessarabia, where the peasantry is said to be dissatisfied with Rumanian rule, which has not made the country a paradise as promptly as they naïvely anticipated. At the other end of the line, the followers of Raditch, the peasant leader in Croatia, after wandering for some time in a political wilderness in their own country, have joined the Moscow Peasant International. Raditch himself is reported to have concluded negotiations for this during his recent visit to Moscow, after his rather cool reception in Vienna and several other European capitals.

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The area of discontent extends still farther. Although the Polish press, probably under more or less moral censorship, minimizes certain disturbances along Poland's eastern frontier, a comparison of reports from that source with those in the Bolshevist papers suggests the existence of a zone of discontent having its focus probably in Galicia, but extending to the Baltic, where disorders have recently occurred and where future outbreaks are likely in sympathy with a possible uprising in the Balkans.

*

UNCLE SAM AND INSULINDE

La France Militaire sees in the reported rapprochement between the Standard Oil and Royal Dutch Companies a politico-economic fact of far-reaching significance. Twenty-five years ago the Netherlands authorities welcomed the appearance of America in the Philippines as likely to interpose a barrier to the southern expansion of Japan. Subsequently, however, this feeling was somewhat modified. The *Telegraaf*, the Radical Amsterdam newspaper that published Raemaeker's cartoons during the war, disturbed lest our presence prove more embarrassing than helpful, pointed out in the spring of 1922: —

Our relations with the United States have always formed a delicate phase of our foreign policy. We have every reason in the world not to irritate the great democratic Republic, especially out of consideration for our colonies. We often hear it said that we do not need a large fleet in the Netherlands Indies, because in case we are attacked we can count upon the assistance of a big brother.

This happy state of affairs was first troubled early in 1921, when our diplomatic representatives at The Hague presented a note to the Netherlands Government protesting against the exclusive favors it accorded to the Royal Dutch Oil Company, which was understood to be largely controlled by England. Holland's policy with regard to this company seemed to violate the principle of the open door, to which our Government attaches extreme importance in the Far East. The *Algemeen Handelsblad* declared that our intervention in the petroleum policy of the East Indies produced 'a disagreeable impression.' It asked: —

Are we not masters in our own house, and is it America's business to concern herself with the companies with which our Government contracts for developing the petroleum wealth of our colonies? We sell our petroleum in the world market where every country can buy it. The fact that the United States has been the world's chief producer of petroleum for many years is no reason why she should assume rights over its production even within our territories.

But the *Economische Statistische Berichten* saw the situation in a more matter-of-fact light.

A real danger presents itself to us in case of a war between the United States and Japan. Our neutrality would require us to prohibit the exportation of petroleum in such a case. In view of the precedent that America set, however, when she requisitioned our ships during the last war, there is reason to fear that she would take matters in her own hands and go for petroleum wherever she thought she could get it. If we resisted we should be involved in the hostilities.

All of which leads *La France Militaire* to observe apropos of the alleged Standard Oil–Royal Dutch agreement: —

There is reason to suppose that the situation has changed decidedly since the termination of the alliance between England and Japan. For now the Royal Dutch Company agrees in case of necessity to provide, with the probable assistance of England, petroleum from the East Indies

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for whoever will pay most for it — that is to say, for the United States. That is still another reason why Viscount Kato may think it advisable to go slow.

✱

SPAIN'S UNSTABLE DIRECTORY

DESPITE the barrier of censorship in Spain, reports are multiplying to the effect that Primo de Rivera's Directory is likely to be overthrown. The new Government's undeniable success in purifying the political and economic system has not given it sufficient prestige to compensate for its failure to solve the Morocco problem and to reduce the cost of living. Though the condition of the national finances has been somewhat improved, there is no possibility of wiping out the deficit until the Morocco campaign is brought to a close. The cost of living continues to rise and is causing great discontent among the common people. Madrid at times has been entirely without potatoes, and the local papers are filled with protests against the inefficiency of certain municipal services. For instance, there is an acute shortage of water.

Rumors are current of dissension between the King and Primo de Rivera. At the same time it is prophesied that the overthrow of the Directory — if it occurs, as seems probable, through a coup d'état — will mean the simultaneous overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment of a republic. This does not imply that the Directory has been a consistent opponent of Democracy. Indeed in their fight against *caciquismo*, or the municipal boss system, the present authorities seem to have made a sincere effort to liberalize the city governments. A law has been passed to reform the constitution of the municipalities, the outstanding feature of which is to give women a vote in municipal elections.

'A Spanish Observer,' writing in the *Manchester Guardian*, characterizes Primo de Rivera as 'a man spoiled by fortune,' who 'lacks serenity and discretion.'

> He has ever been the perfect type of Andalusian *señorito*. . . . Impulsive, willful, given to imposing his every whim, incapable of well-considered action and still more incapable of rectifying a false step, clinging to his mistakes from a misdirected sense of dignity, a passionate friend and a passionate enemy, the Dictator under whom we are suffering condenses all the objects of life in the one maxim, 'to do what he damned well pleases' — *hacer en todo su soberana voluntad.*

This writer summarizes the present political situation as follows: —

> The Dictator has been a fitful winter sun. His popularity, always limited to the bourgeois classes, has waned. Free from legal responsibility, the Parliament dissolved, the political parties dispersed, and the press muzzled, he has been all-powerful and yet unable to achieve anything useful. Morocco, taxation, the question of responsibility in the Moroccan campaign, these were the three problems which his task was to solve. Morocco is worse than ever, with an army sick and tired of suffering. The Budget is a reproduction of earlier ones, constructed on the same vicious basis, according to which of three thousand million pesetas a thousand and three hundred are swallowed up in military expenses, pensions to the retired and widows, and the public debt.
>
> And the case for investigating the celebrated responsibilities has, as was to be feared, accentuated the divisions among the officers.

✱

MANCHU SOLDIER PUPILS

CHANG TSO-LIN, the Manchurian warlord, has decided that his soldiers must know how to read and write. Each of his officers and men must memorize the 'thousand' Chinese characters that make the minimum requirement of

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literacy under the new standard of the Republic. The General Director of the National Popular Education Movement was summoned from Shanghai to take charge of this picturesque, if not entirely novel, campaign. Apparently he came well provided with the implements of his trade, for he brought with him 50,000 textbooks, 60 stereopticons, and 5000 colored slides.

The school course in the Manchu army is short but intense. It is the intention to have every man in it able to read and write by the end of November. The method is thus described by a correspondent of the Shanghai *Times*:

It was discovered that only twenty-five out of each battalion of one hundred and fifty could read and write. So the other one hundred and twenty-five in the battalion formed a convenient class unit for the mass method of education. Over each battalion-class an officer teacher was set, to take up the first half of the daily school period with instruction by means of a lantern and slides. During the other half of the period the class is in charge of assistants and 'guides.' These two groups are taken from the twenty-five literate men in each battalion. The assistant-teachers conduct a review of the previous day's work, and the guides pass around among the soldier pupils, answering any questions they have to put.

As soon as the 10,000 soldiers in the Mukden garrison and neighboring camps have been satisfactorily blessed with the light of learning the school will be extended to the army all through Manchuria, some 300,000 soldiers in all.

*

CIVILIZATION VERSUS BARBARISM

THE *Japan Chronicle* is a doughty defender of British interests in the Orient. It enjoys the prestige of age, authority, and a long tradition of able and influential editorship. All this adds weight to the protest we print below: —

Four men of a British bombing squadron engaged in very risky work among the tribesmen of the North-West Frontier of India were killed when their planes crashed in a fog, and the crew of another machine fell into the hands of the Waziris, who may or may not take revenge on them. The message published yesterday giving this news mentioned as quite incidental the fact that the planes were returning from a bombing raid when the unfortunate accident occurred. To most people the fact that British planes and airmen are engaged in dropping death-dealing explosives on the villages of helpless people whose fighting men are accounted hostile to the British is also news. The reports of such raids appear fairly frequently in the press in India. In the Anglo-Indian papers the emphasis is on the daring and devotion of the frontiersmen, — which there is no gainsaying, — but when the accidental death of four of these is news of world-wide interest, while the bombing of any number of villages, with casualties uncalculated, is a matter of no concern, it seems that there is a warp somewhere in the human mind.

When we remember how long it took to reconcile the British public mind to the idea of reprisals in air-raiding during the war, in spite of the large number who had experienced its horrors, and when we remember how unthinkable this kind of efficiency in dealing with hostile tribesmen would have been before the war, we begin to have some grasp of how far we have succumbed to the degrading effects of the war. We used to be indignant, and quite rightly, when the Germans, whose country was beleaguered, sought this murderous way of relieving the pressure. We now practise murder against people whose propensity for raiding is largely caused by economic pressure, and whom it is perfectly easy to keep at bay with an ordinary frontier post.

*

MINOR NOTES

A REMARKABLE collection of Nelson papers, extensive enough to fill fifteen folio volumes, has recently come to light. They contain material relating

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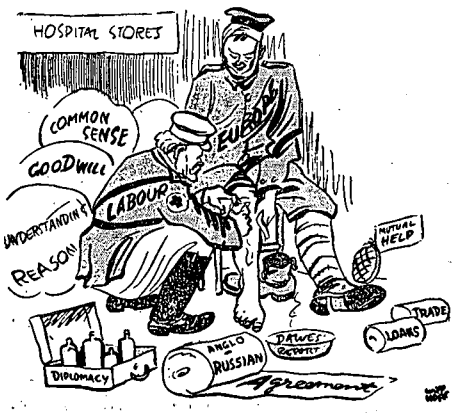
to the victualing of Nelson's Mediterranean fleet during the Napoleonic Wars, and medical reports upon the condition of the men. Nelson was a zealous advocate of fresh provisions at sea, and the papers just discovered give the actual number of oxen bought, how much beef they yielded, and the number of pounds of onions and other vegetables and of oranges and lemons supplied to the six thousand men that manned Nelson's ships. Beef cost about eight cents a pound, and wine about twenty-five cents a gallon. Apparently only a small quantity of salt provisions was consumed. There was one short outbreak of scurvy in the winter of 1804–5, when the Spanish market for provisions was temporarily closed, but in general the health of the men was uniformly good. The chief diseases, besides the scurvy already mentioned, were fevers and lung diseases. There was a good deal of rheumatism. Probably the feverish colds reported were influenza. The highest number of sick cases at any one time was 268. The average was below 200, and the deaths on board ship were about one per cent per annum.

A British scientific expedition that has been cruising the South Seas reports that it has discovered on an uninhabited island, the exact location of which has not been revealed, ancient sculptured rock, pottery, and stone implements bearing evidence of the existence of a hitherto unknown early civilization. The island is 'not very far distant from the Galapagos,' and according to one of the members of the expedition 'the objects found by the expedition may very possibly date back to the time when the island formed part of the mainland. It is covered with dense jungle, and in its centre is a mountain peak rising to a height of 1296 feet. The island is uninhabited by human beings, but about three hundred years ago it was the resort of buccaneers.'

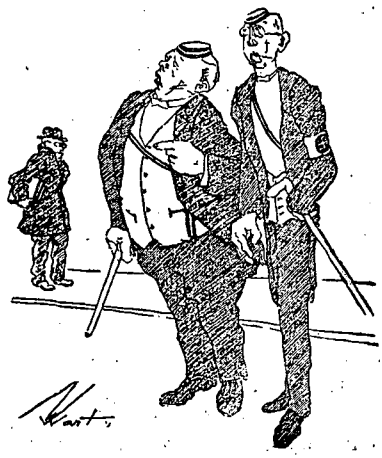
Gold has recently been discovered in Wales on a site which was worked for this metal by the Romans nearly 1700 years ago. The deposit, which is alluvial, yields from five to seven shillings of free gold a cubic yard, rising to seventy shillings in the richest samples.

SELF-CONGRATULATION



'Labor binds up the wounds of Europe.'
— *Daily Herald*

OUR FUTURE TRUST AND HOPE



'Why do they let such chaps into the University? I believe he studies.'— *Arbeiter Zeitung*

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WAS THE WAR WORTH WHILE?

BY WICKHAM STEED

From the *Review of Reviews*, *August* 15, *September* 15
(London Current-Affairs Monthly)

[Mr. Steed, after serving as the correspondent of the London *Times* at Berlin, Rome, and Vienna, was foreign editor of that newspaper during the war, and its editor from 1919 to 1922. He is at present proprietor and editor of the English *Review of Reviews*.]

Ten years ago the British peoples throughout the world made war on Germany in defense of the neutrality of Belgium, which Great Britain was pledged by treaty to uphold. The struggle lasted four years and three months. It cost Great Britain some £8,000,000,000, while 9,000,000 tons of British merchant shipping were lost, nearly 1,000,000 British soldiers were killed, and more than 2,000,000 wounded. To-day many who suffered bereavement or hardship are asking whether these sacrifices were 'worth while'?

Such a question is not easily answered. The issue raised in August 1914 by German aggression upon Belgium — whose neutrality Prussia, like Great Britain, had guaranteed — was not whether war was worth while but whether life, national and international, would have been tolerable had German lawlessness triumphed. To this question, at least, the answer is clear. Save at the cost of dishonor, of allowing the basis of civilized relationships to be destroyed, and of incurring ulterior peril more dire than the immediate danger, it was not possible for England to hold aloof. The choice, if choice there were, lay between war in discharge of duty and peace in dereliction of duty.

From the outset, the action of Germany appeared to the people of this country as an unwarrantable crime, and our entry into the war as an act of justice. At Versailles the representatives of Germany were presently constrained to recognize the responsibility of their country and that of its allies for all the loss and damage resulting from a war brought about 'by the aggression of Germany and her allies,' while William II of Hohenzollern, formerly German Emperor, was publicly arraigned in the Peace Treaty 'for a supreme offense against international morality and the sanctity of treaties.' The Germans claim, however, that this assent has no moral value, since it was given under constraint, and they have long been engaged in seeking to prove Germany guiltless or, at worst, guilty only in the same degree as her enemies.

These efforts cannot succeed. No research has brought or can bring to light any fact of a nature to invalidate the cause for which the British peoples went to war. Nor is it possible to explain away the words of the German Imperial Chancellor to the Reichstag on August 4, 1914: 'The wrong — I speak openly — that we are committing we will endeavor to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached.' From that wrong all the rest proceeded. The endeavor to redress it was the supreme justification of the Allied cause. Had it gone unpunished, all possibility of vindicating the sanc-

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tity of treaties in future would have disappeared, and all hope of enthroning the reign of law above the rule of force in dealings between nations.

The answer to the question whether the war was worth while depends therefore, in some degree, upon the further question whether it has or has not strengthened international morality and discouraged or discredited lawless violence. If it has, the war was clearly as worth while as the action of the police who may suffer injury in apprehending robbers or murderers. If not, the efforts of the Allied peoples, their heroism, sufferings, and losses, might have to be, in this respect, accounted a tragic failure.

We are still too near to the struggle itself to see it in true perspective, too conscious of our fall from the high idealism that inspired the Allied peoples during the war to be sure that it was truly won, too bewildered by the complications of the peace for our faith to be clear-eyed, and too bruised to allow our more generous impulses free play. Moreover, there has crept into many minds a doubt whether, after all, our motives can have been quite as lofty and our conduct quite as noble as we thought they were. Since we fought for our own safety as well as for Belgium, why seek to surround our undertaking with a halo of holiness? And, since we derived some profit from the war, are our hands quite 'clean of gain'?

Dead specimens examined under the microscope in a laboratory cannot have the beauty of living organisms. Study of anatomy will not reveal the secret of life. The meaning of the war is not to be learned from the dissection of documents. It is enshrined in the hearts of those who know in what spirit hundreds of thousands of men went to fight and die for what they held right, and millions of men and women worked with equal devotion. The passing of a phase of feeling does not render that feeling historically less real or detract from its virtue. One great gain of the war was that millions who had never before felt an exalted purpose felt it then, strove to attain it, and, despite disappointment, tenaciously believe in it still. This generation has seen and known and done things that future generations will envy. Men often risk their lives for an emotion in sport, in mountaineering, in seamanship — and are not accounted base or wholly foolish if they pay the price of their daring. The generation that fought the war dared greatly and wrought nobly. If the supreme sanction of its work be still outstanding, was its daring therefore foolhardy?

It is good, in these days of anniversary and of partial loss of faith, to return in spirit to August 1914, and to evoke in memory the ideals then cherished, the resolves then formed. Such evocation makes any doubt whether the people of this country would have quailed or flinched, had they then known the trials and disappointments in store for them, seem akin to blasphemy. True, the instinct which is the determining element of British conduct in times of stress warned them dimly that the freedom of their country, nay, its very existence, was at stake. But for some time they thought, consciously and conscientiously, that they were fighting chiefly for Belgium and the sanctity of their plighted word in the first place, and for France in the second. Not until the war had been long in progress did the British people fully realize that it was their own security as much as that of others which they were defending. At no time during the war did the feeling that they were fighting against a dangerous commercial rival sway their minds. Had they been asked to suffer

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what they suffered, to pay what they paid, and to dare as they dared for any merely economic reason, they would have revolted against so mean an assessment of their ideals. Most Britons are vaguely, and many are intensely, religious in temperament. They need to believe in something. It is generally something that appeals to their sense of what is right. In August 1914 they held it right to fight in support of their country's pledge to Belgium and, secondarily, in support of their friends. That was all.

They did not then understand that, by making war on Belgium, Germany was helping to save the British Empire. Nothing, save a direct attack on British territory, could so have roused their feeling; and even a direct attack might not have appealed as potently to the whole national conscience. It is a peculiarity of the British temperament that the defense even of vital interests is never so whole-heartedly undertaken as when that defense is also felt to be a moral duty. Had Germany respected the Prussian pledge to Belgium, the British Government might have hesitated to make war until the German fleet threatened or the German armies had actually captured the northern ports and coasts of France — and then it might have been too late to save either France or England. In any case the Government and probably the nation would have been divided. But once the Belgian issue was raised there could be neither doubt nor delay.

Some saw, indeed, that behind this moral issue lay not only a question of life and death for England and the Empire, but a struggle between two incompatible conceptions of civilization — between the Prusso-Napoleonic and the Christian, the Militarist and the Liberal. Far better, they felt, that 'England' — that is to say, all the ideals of individual freedom and ordered liberty which had gone out from England through the centuries — should perish in a fight to the death with the doctrines represented by Prussia and her prophets, than that she should purchase a dubious respite by standing aside or seeking an impossible compromise with them. Hence the almost joyous relief with which they learned that the die was cast and the battle fairly joined. The war became for them a crusade the more real, the more ennobling because it compelled them to search their hearts and to confess to themselves that, despite skepticism and frivolity, there were beliefs and loyalties for which they were ready to die.

No man or woman who passed that test can really doubt whether the war was worth while. Notwithstanding all disappointments and the grayness of the present world, it was an experience that left traces too deep to be obliterated. Its greatness lay in its simplicity. The choice was plain. It had to be made forthwith. The issue was imperative. It could not be burked or avoided; and, while the war lasted, it remained clear. Without military victory there could be no hope of realizing the aspirations we cherished. Therefore the immediate object was victory. But with the Armistice came a more difficult question. Victory had been won; what should we do with it, how best turn it to account? And amid the divergence of opinions, the clash of interests, the ambitions and the passions of men and of peoples, unity of purpose was lost, attention was dispersed, fibres braced by the war grew slack, and disillusionment began.

It was hard to feel enthusiasm for Reparations, and harder still to learn the names and understand the doings and the desires of all the new peoples whom the war had redeemed, some of whom, moreover, seemed scarcely

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worthy of their ransom. Three Empires had fallen. Was it worth while to have brought about their overthrow if a chaos of jealous little nations were to replace them? Besides, in Russia, in Hungary, and to some extent in Germany, in Austria, and in Italy, revolutionary forces had been let loose that threatened to turn upside down the whole structure of European society. Terrorism, massacre, and spoliation were certainly not among the objects for which the Allied peoples had fought.

Worse still, the Allied Governments disagreed progressively among themselves. The Paris Peace Conference was filled with unseemly wranglings; and though the Peace Treaty contained the Covenant of a League of Nations it was not exactly the League of which the Allied peoples had dreamed. Moreover, when the United States rejected the Treaty and refused to enter the League, the whole balance of the Peace was upset. The rosy hope that the war would be a 'war to end war' grew pallid. How, in these circumstances, could the masses of the people keep their faith and still believe that the war had been worth while?

In Great Britain the after-effects of the war were, in themselves, depressing. Crushing taxation remained, without the stimulus that had formerly made it bearable. Old families were impoverished and their mansions and lands passed largely into the hands of the 'new rich' who had made fortunes out of the war. Trade declined and unemployment grew. Prices stood high, and the dull struggle for bread left little time or room for the cultivation of nobler feelings. 'Advanced' political and social theories gained more and more adherents, while on the other hand large sections of the community lost their grip upon the political principles in which they had been brought up and tended to look for safety to dictatorships and other forms of antidemocratic reaction. Parliamentary institutions, which had been relegated to a secondary place during the war, appeared to be sorely discredited. No clear voice, no plain creed appealed with convincing power to the popular conscience; and though Great Britain was spared the degradation of seeing a savage Communism — or its not less deleterious counterpart, savage Fascism — run riot among her people, her Government adopted during the struggle in Ireland methods that were the negation of every precept of just and enlightened rule.

Worst of all, a lack of political and social leadership began to be distressingly felt. A whole generation of men who would have been the natural leaders of the nation had been swept away in the flower of their age; and there was none to fill the void. The older men were too old and too tired to give leadership; the young men were too young and too unknowing to perceive whither they were going or whither they wished to go. The mechanical agencies developed by the war tended to obtrude a mechanical spirit into the works of peace and helped also to obscure the spiritual issues and to deaden the moral forces without which no perfection of mechanism could have availed to bring victory. Thus, from the crest of the wave of high endeavor and sacrifice, the nation slid deep into the trough of dejection and doubt.

It is not the very young who wonder whether the war was worth while. They have no standard of comparison, for they knew little or nothing of the world before 1914. It is the older folk whom misgivings assail. Yet they may with advantage ask themselves whether they would, if they could, put back the clock of time and return to the early months of 1914? Most of them

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will answer, No! To return to a solely militarist Europe in which millions of armed men stood ready to obey the whims of ambitious dynasties or the designs of power-intoxicated governments; to thrust back into bondage the peoples now freed; to be deprived of the hope which even the imperfectly realized ideal of the League of Nations enshrines; and to be without the proof of moral strength that so many nations gave during the long struggle, would be to live again a life of narrow horizons and poor beliefs. During the war Great Britain learned to know herself. Classes long divided came together and found, in the brotherhood of training-camp and trenches, a fellowship unsuspected. The very inventions which the war stimulated, the development of aviation, of motor transport, of wireless telegraphy, and a dozen other cunning devices, vastly extended the range of practical human knowledge and rendered intelligible riddles before unread.

It is not for nothing that some aspects of this mechanical progress have brought home to multitudes a sense of the reality of things unseen, a feeling that apparently solid facts are less solid than other facts which are invisible, impalpable, and intangible. The conditions of thought and action are being changed. While wireless telegraphy and telephony annihilate distance and conquer time, while the speed of aerial transport makes railways — themselves scarce a century old — seem slow and the age of steam almost archaic, the thoughts of men cannot be as leisurely as were those of their fathers, nor can they live lives as sundered from those of other peoples as their fathers lived. The world has shrunk and is shrinking daily. Will increasing contact between nations bring fuller comradeship and keener intercomprehension? Or will it stimulate conflict and accentuate incompatibilities? If some inventions are beneficent, others are deadly and, in the hands of the ill-disposed, may work havoc untold. Just as the new possibilities opening out before mankind are unprecedented, so are the possibilities of woe. It is for the men and women of to-day to decide which shall be realized, whether the good shall triumph or the evil.

In other words, the question still is, as it was ten years ago, How to win the war? The enemy cause is still the same, though other means are now needed to defeat it. Ten years ago it was represented by Germany — less, indeed, by the German people themselves than by the politico-military system with which they were identified and by the ambitions which that system served. The enemy cause was that of lawless force. The Allied cause was the repression of lawless force by means of greater force used in the name of law and of right living among nations. The Allied armies were the police of the world. The cause which they upheld and vindicated has not been changed by the defection from it of some Allied peoples, or by others' employment of methods that are hard to reconcile with the Allied ideals.

But the main issue now is whether the men and women in Allied and ex-enemy countries who cling to the belief that, without the progressive vindication of the rule of law in international and national affairs, civilization itself must perish, are still determined to work for the achievement of their aims. If so, the war may yet be won, though the task will not be easy. It will not be enough merely to support the League of Nations or to advocate the admission of the German Republic and of Bolshevist Russia to membership of it. Nor is it enough to protest against this or that act of violence in national or

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international affairs. Knowledge is wanted and patient study to acquire it — knowledge both of the principles that must govern the life of healthy communities and knowledge of what, for want of a better term, are called 'foreign politics.' Ten years ago few people in this country thought foreign politics worth troubling about. They lived in a fool's paradise. By degrees the war taught them that, while the mismanagement of domestic affairs might involve some discomfort or loss to individuals, the mismanagement of foreign affairs might imperil the lives and the possessions of all, and even the existence of the whole community.

Democratic peoples are, in this respect, exposed to special dangers. They often forget that their Governments are always prone to follow what those Governments may think the tendencies of opinion which will presently be expressed in votes and in Parliamentary majorities. They do not understand that representative self-government really means that the people must govern themselves by keeping their Governments up to the mark and by applying constantly the pressure of enlightened public opinion to responsible Ministers. The price of democratic freedom is eternal vigilance. In order that public opinion may be enlightened it must be informed, and it will only get information by demanding it persistently. A democracy enlightened, and determined that its Government shall adhere to the principles for which the war was fought, can save itself and help to save Europe. Thus and thus only can the war still be truly won and all its sacrifices be rendered worth while.

President Wilson wished to make the world 'safe for democracy.' He meant that the purpose of Allied efforts was to safeguard democratic freedom against victorious attack by armed tyrannies. He forgot to say that democracy is not, and cannot be, an end in itself. It is no part of political progress to gain for mankind a riskless existence; it should provide against the grosser risks so as to set free human energies and endeavor for activity upon higher planes. Even as a political ideal, democracy is by no means unchallenged. It is to-day spurned in Russia, in Italy, and in Spain. Yet its defects are vastly outweighed by those of all other systems hitherto tested, for it alone offers a prospect of the permanent ascendancy of the rule of law and of the growth of an international conscience. In reality the Great Crusade of 1914–1918 was an immense Act of Faith in democracy on the part of the Allied and Associated peoples. Only those who deny that the object was worthy of the faith can still doubt whether that Act was worth while. For my part, I have no doubt whatever.

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A DESTROYERS' INTERNATIONAL

BY GENERAL ALEXANDRE PERCIN

From *Vossische Zeitung, August 5*
BERLIN LIBERAL DAILY

GENERAL FREIHERR VON SCHOENAICH, a German democrat and pacifist of distinguished lineage, has just published a book under the title, *From the Last War to the Next War*. His manuscript was read and approved by two other pacifist military officers of high rank and distinction.

General Ian Hamilton wrote as follows: 'Aviators are circling like vultures over the great cities of Europe. Civilians have no conception of the effect of modern bombs. As a man who knows what war actually is, I am striving to promote a spirit of peace and good-will among nations. Unless the people of the world come to their senses, the Continent and England will be devastated again — by a disaster one hundred times worse than the Japanese earthquake.'

General Percin, a former member of the French Supreme War Council, wrote the following preface to General von Schoenaich's book: —

'Science has made more progress during the century in which we live than during the forty centuries that preceded. This wonderful advance has resulted, in most countries, in industrial overproduction which has begotten a spirit of envious competition among nations. In the years just before the war this competition became so keen that governments and peoples were preoccupied with but a single thought — how to destroy the power of their rivals. A policy of destruction replaced the earlier policy of annexing new territories.

'In 1914, England was dreaming of Germany's ruin. This purpose will not be found openly declared in diplomatic documents, but that hope of her people is mirrored in the press. An English technical review, the *Engineer*, printed in its issue of September 25, 1914 [retranslated]: "The best way to emancipate ourselves from German industrial competition would be by occupying Germany, and following that up by a systematic and well-planned destruction of all her factories and their appurtenances." The writer was convinced that such destruction would serve the public interest of England.

'On the third of August, 1915, the *Times* declared that the English were fighting for their own interests, and that they would have entered the war even if Belgium's neutrality had not been violated; and in its issue of July 31, 1920, the same journal again declared that England was not fighting like a Don Quixote for Belgium and France, but for her own existence.

'Accordingly, England's policy kept the ruin of Germany clearly in view.

'French policy was no better. In *Un Livre Noir* we find the Russian Ambassador, Mr. Isvolskii, writing from Bordeaux, on the thirteenth of October, 1914, to the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Sazonov, immediately after a conversation with the French Minister of Foreign Affairs: "M. Delcassé believes it desirable to reach a definite understanding as to the designs and wishes of the Allies. France demands at present no accessions of

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territory except the return of Alsace-Lorraine. The main object of France is, in complete agreement with the Allies, the destruction of the German Empire."

'I read concerning Germany, in *Le Temps*, of May 7, 1922, that Professor Frech published in Breslau, in 1917, a monograph in which he argued that France, whose coal mines were occupied by the German army, should be compelled to buy back all her coal deposits either for cash or for something of corresponding value; for example, her colonies. Professor Frech estimated the value of these coal deposits at 120 billion francs. Foreseeing the possibility that France would not be able to pay this sum, or that the German troops might be forced to evacuate the mines, he proposed that in either emergency the mines and the surrounding territory be so completely wrecked that it would take eight or ten years to restore them. He observed incidentally that this would cripple France's iron and steel industry, and added: "The blow would strike the French just at the time when they were utterly exhausted. France would be rendered dependent for years to come upon foreign countries for her arms and munitions."

'This mania for destruction must cease. Men must never again be permitted to commit such an act of vandalism as the sinking of the German navy, many, if not all, of whose vessels might have been converted to useful purposes. Never again must Governments be allowed to resort to analogous destructive measures in order to wipe out international economic competition. Conflicts of economic interest must henceforth be settled by an international tribunal, something like the League of Nations.

'Civilized society compels two citizens who have a dispute with each other to submit their case to a court, instead of trying to enforce their rights personally. Why should it be different in the case of nations? Why do we call a resort to force in the first instance barbarous and in the second magnificent? Simply because it has always been so. Precedent holds tyrannical sway over our minds. We imagine that it is in some way more honorable for a Government to resort to arms than to submit to arbitration.

'President Wilson's influence in Europe was due to the fact that he represented a young nation not yet enthralled by tradition. He was the first man who ventured to use the expression, "Peace without victory," to tell the world that a triumph won by arms was invariably temporary, and that only victories founded on reason and justice were of enduring worth.

'That is the ideal that General von Schoenaich advocates in the book for which he has asked me to write an introduction. I have acceded to his wish in the hope that the coöperation of a German and a French general in a labor of peace will set a good example to the civilized citizens of both countries and hasten their reconciliation. Such a reconciliation should be the constant goal and effort of every champion of world peace.

'There are no two nations on the earth whose qualities supplement each other better than those of the Germans and the French. A real joining of hands between these two peoples would make them an invincible moral buttress of permanent European peace.'

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AUTOMOBILES AND NATIONAL CHARACTER

BY RAMIRO DE MAEZTU

From *El Sol*, *August 5*
(MADRID LIBERAL DAILY)

YESTERDAY I took a walk from Hendaye to Beobia. Beobia lies outside the route of ordinary coaching and automobile travel, which normally follows the highway over the bridge from Irún to Hendaye. From the left end of the International Bridge at Beobia the French chaussée winds up into the Pyrenees. It is a highway that can be said to go nowhere, since it is intended entirely for the convenience of tourists who wish to see the mountains, and serves otherwise only a few isolated villas hidden away in their recesses. But within less than half an hour I counted one hundred passing automobiles. They ranged from great tourist-busses carrying twenty or more passengers to little one-seated runabouts containing only two. One of the latter, with a trunk lashed on behind, which was covered by the same brown waterproof that sheltered the two passengers from rain and dust, carried a young couple who were apparently touring the country on their honeymoon.

A few days ago I read in *Le Temps* that love-making had ceased in France. A young lady asked a girl friend: 'Do you know anyone who is in love?' This chance interrogation started a wide inquiry among all sorts of people, and in every case the answer was negative. People are too busy in these days to make love; outdoor sports absorb their attention; no one has leisure to write billets-doux; the language of romantic passion — its sentimental phrasing, its fervor and emotion — lacks actuality and seems forced and artificial in our matter-of-fact age; people talk less than they used to, and more simply and directly.

So the young couple with one trunk behind their little automobile will spend ten or twelve hours a day 'burning up' the road at forty or fifty kilometres an hour. Speeding — the craze to put as much space as possible behind us — has become the fashion. Consequently these young honeymooners will not exchange a dozen words a day. There is nothing like a swift-passing landscape to monopolize the mind. A quiet rural scene, no matter how delightful, arouses in most people a disagreeable sense of aloofness and resistance; it refuses to obey our will. But a landscape in movement is in a sense our own creation, and we become wholly absorbed in changing its features by a process of rapid motion.

I do not recall having seen any discussion of the coincidence between the popularization of the automobile in France and the decadence of her literature. In 1890 the French were an eminently literary people. History records few periods when a group of writers exercised such an influence over a nation as Zola, Daudet, Flaubert, Maupassant, the Goncourts, and Huysmans did over France. Even as recently as 1900, French books were read by most men of culture in all parts of the world. Then came the automobile. I still remember when the race from Paris to Madrid caused sev-

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eral fatalities, and Augusto Figueroa imagined he could suppress the barbarous invention by an article in the *Diario Universal!*

France's magnificent highways quickly made the new plaything popular. Within a few years it has changed the whole outlook of the people. They continue to read and write, but for that we must thank the stress still laid on literature in the secondary schools. Even in courses leading to the 'modern baccalaureate' the authorities still insist that children and young people shall spend ten or eleven years writing compositions, translations, and themes. Since the degree of bachelor is indispensable for a professional or scholarly career, the educated Frenchman retains the habit and the faculty of speaking and writing fluently all the rest of his life. But the automobile, like the sea, does not encourage conversation. A person either thinks of the machine he is driving or loses himself in the passing landscape. Therefore the rest of the world no longer depends for entertainment and instruction upon the Paris publisher.

The French have been automobilists only a few years. In fact even to-day they have not reached a condition where workmen go to the factory in their own machines, as they do in America. But here in Hendaye I have seen the baker delivering bread in his automobile; and he is no big baker either, but a man who mixes his dough, heats his oven, and distributes his goods with his own hands. Before long, however, every Frenchman will own both a house and a motor-car. I understand that there are now nine million landowners in the country. That is about one fourth of the population. It is safe to say that nine tenths of the people of France own, either individually or as members of families, a bit of land. It may be more difficult to acquire an automobile. That will depend partly upon whether petroleum is discovered in France, so that gasoline can be cheaper.

I continue to believe, however, that there is nothing like walking for a man of brains. He sees the country and is refreshed and rested by it, but his mind works in rhythm with his footsteps. Nietzsche said that valuable thoughts come to us only when we are walking. I would not go so far as that. Great thoughts are the fruit of absolute mental concentration. An original idea comes to us only when we are seated in some place where there is nothing to distract us. But for developing ideas walking has no equal — walking and solitude. The only inducement to use an automobile is the fact that everybody else uses one. Twenty years ago a man might walk quite alone along these highways; but how can one enjoy them when he has to breathe the dust and gas of one hundred automobiles passing every thirty minutes? His only recourse is to take to the goat trails; and a man must be a shepherd to do that without getting lost.

Eventually, however, every Frenchman will have his own house and motor-car. Five minutes from here, at Irún, across the Spanish border, they are building six-story apartments. The owner knows that there will always be people in Spain who cannot hope to own a home. At Hendaye they are building only single cottages, separated from each other, because your Frenchman insists upon having a little garden around his dwelling. But I must not let myself wander from my theme to the curious and significant contrasts between neighboring nations that one observes here at Hendaye and Irún. I want to keep to the subject of automobiles.

Even in them we find national con-

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trasts. Most automobiles in Spain are expensive and luxurious, while those in France are popular both in type and in price. But a still more fundamental contrast—for, after all, at bottom wealth and poverty are accessories — is that between open and closed automobiles.

Nine times in ten a Spaniard will have a closed machine instead of an open one; ten times in nine, a Frenchman will prefer an open machine to a closed car. This is a question of temperament. All that I have said of the absorption of a motorist in the landscape refers principally to the open car; the closed car always presents the barrier of its glass windows to the outside world. An open automobile is pantheistic and mystic, or mystico-pantheist; in a closed car a man cuts himself off from nature. The open car stands for immanence, the closed car for transcendence; the open car is Pagan, the closed car Semite. To a man in an open car nature is friendly, sympathetic, tonic; to a man in a closed car she is dust — repugnant. He who travels in an open car forgets himself; he who travels in a closed car wants either to get somewhere or to display his rank and wealth.

Thus the automobile proves a symbol of profound racial differences. Two civilizations diverge from this point.

ANIMAL NEIGHBORS IN AFRICA. V

BY RUDOLF REQUADT

From *Kölnische Zeitung, July* 5, 8, 10, 12, 17
(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

In olden times, when the Kaffirs were in their glory, the magnificent hunting-grounds embraced in the boundless wilderness of Swaziland witnessed annual hunts, where several villages joined in a great game-drive. These gatherings were on an almost military scale, and ceased as soon as the white man extended his rule over the land. Therefore for many years the natives have been forced to confine themselves to more modest hunting-expeditions. But I believed the blacks might still be induced to hold a big old-fashioned drive such as their fathers knew, and took it upon myself to promote one. Several local chiefs came to my assistance; and judiciously distributed presents stimulated the interest of the villagers. The result was that a day was finally set for the grand affair.

Early in the morning parties began to come in from all directions — men and young lads in groups, armed with spears and war clubs, and accompanied by great packs of dogs, who play an important part in these hunts. It was fully noon before the whole party was assembled — some five hundred men, and I know not how many thousand curs. The village we had made our rendezvous looked like a small military camp, and the blacks, unaccustomed to such a gathering, were in a state of high excitement. Defying the hot midday sun, and although there was not a breath of

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breeze astir, they set forth eagerly to round up the game in an area about three hours' journey in diameter. For this purpose they divided themselves into two equal parties that advanced in wide semicircles, leaving behind at regular intervals as they proceeded little groups of men with their dogs. When the leaders of the two lines met and the district was encircled, all advanced slowly at a given signal toward the centre.

I wished to witness the hunt from the summit of a hill situated near the middle of the enclosed area, and hastened thither accompanied by several chiefs when the drivers first set out upon their march. It was easy to follow the progress of the encirclement from our elevation by the columns of smoke that rose from the fires each group set the moment it reached its appointed station. These fires, which spread rapidly through the dry bushes, afforded an effectual barrier to any game trying to break through.

When we reached the hill I climbed a fire-killed tree, from which there was an uninterrupted view over the entire hunting-ground. Its rolling surface was covered with a thick growth of underbrush, interspersed with little grassy clearings and great isolated trees — a typical landscape of south-western Africa.

After a time the pillars of smoke began to join as the flames ran from thicket to thicket, and to draw nearer, showing that the advance to the centre had begun. Now and then I could see a native pushing through the bushes and throwing firebrands ahead of him. The barking of the dogs, who were running excitedly hither and thither in every direction, added to the tumult. The men advanced with their spears poised ready to throw.

The scene became livelier as the line drew nearer. Apparently the bush was so green that a new fire had to be set in every thicket, and the flames soon died down behind the drivers. The first precursors of the frightened game were a flock of laughing doves that darted past like a flight of arrows. Next we saw an eagle rise perpendicularly a long distance away. A moment later birds began to appear from every direction, the smaller ones in big flocks, the larger ones in small flocks, but all panic-stricken and keeping closer company than usual, as if for mutual protection. Now and then a flock would settle on the bushes in our vicinity, only to resume their flight a moment later when the sound of the fire crackling in the distant undergrowth reached their ears. Most of the flocks, however, flew past without stopping, apparently keenly alive to the coming danger, and hastening toward some high spot where they would be above the threatening smoke-wall. This smoke-wall seemed to grow higher as it approached. The hot sun beat through the heat-quivering air with a sort of dusky radiance. The pungent odor of burning wood grew stronger, filling with panic the keen-scented antelopes, who sought momentary shelter in dense tangles of wildwood only to burst forth again a minute later in a renewed ecstasy of fear. The first large animals I caught sight of were a herd of buffalo-like gnus charging across a distant hilltop, apparently just ahead of the fire line.

Half an hour later we caught glimpses of the flames themselves flashing here and there through the dense canopy of smoke. But for the most part they hugged the ground, greedily licking up the dried herbage and dead underbrush, and only occasionally leaped high enough to be visible above the steadily advancing smudge. Belated flocks of birds whizzed past, but now at longer inter-

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vals and at a higher elevation. When the last of these had passed, silence fell for a time upon the scene immediately around us. When the fire crept nearer, so that the flames were almost constantly visible and the odor of burning vegetation was strong in our nostrils, I saw a little herd of springboks jump up from the high grass on a hillside just beyond the hill where I was posted, pause a moment as if irresolute, with their ears pricked up and their big eyes staring into the distance, then, catching the wind, charge up the slope and disappear down the declivity beyond.

The flames now formed a lambent wall the height of a man, encircling the whole field of vision, and the smoke hovered above us like a dusky pall. The circle was growing narrower now, and the agitation of the entrapped animals correspondingly increased. Once or twice I saw game charge past the base of the hill on which I stood. Then I caught sight of the herd of gnus again, as they stampeded from behind a hill into a clearing, where they stood motionless a moment as if their puzzled heavy-horned heads were powerless to tell them whither to direct their flight. A moment later they stormed off again into the bushes. Simultaneously I saw several long-legged koodoos chase across a hill quite close to us — four large ones leaping panic-stricken in advance, while a somewhat smaller one labored behind, a broken spear-shaft sticking in his back, and his frothy mouth contrasting with his bloody flanks.

By this time I could hear plainly the crackling of the fire. Now and then branches would snap like the report of a rifle. Panic-stricken game was visible in every direction. Animals kept charging past us almost as close as the flocks of birds a short time before. Occasionally we would see the tips of their horns as they sped past in their panic, but usually we only heard the rustling and crackling of the shrubbery as they crashed through it. At periods the sounds of the flames creeping through the dry underbrush was like a veritable drumfire. The foliage was agitated in every direction by the criss-cross movements of fleeing animals — antelopes, koodoos, springboks, wild boars plunging in panic-stricken herds past each other, panting, snorting, whistling, wheezing. The buffalo seemed to have completely disappeared.

By the time the noise of the oncoming fire had risen to a steady roar, we could see the blacks on all sides of us busily hurling live brands ahead of them, vigilant to prevent any break occurring in the wall of flame and smoke. They moved actively hither and thither, their spears poised ready to hurl, harking on their dogs. The latter rushed in this direction and that, searching every dense cluster of thicket for game, but always returning quickly to their masters. The panic-stricken quarry continued to crowd toward the centre of the encircled area, but still kept to the denser undergrowth, avoiding clear spaces as much as possible. At intervals an animal would charge past us with a swaying spear-shaft sticking in its body. Suddenly, as if they had risen out of the earth, the herd of buffalo lumbered across our hill, — though at quite a distance from the tree I was in, — tossing their angry heads as they crashed through a plantation of young trees at the edge of a glade below us, and disappeared, headed directly for the fire.

The flames were now but a little more than half a mile away, and it seemed for the moment as if the blacks themselves were in peril of being cut off, so ardently had they plied their incendiary task. But at a signal they

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rushed forward from every direction, cheering on their dogs. Then they stopped, sending the dogs ahead into the circle, where the latter divided into packs, and were instantly upon the heels of the game. From this moment there was not a minute's rest for the wearied animals. The dogs seemed to have caught the trail of the buffalo first, for the herd came circling back toward us with a snarling pack in close pursuit that grew larger by new accessions as the chase drew near. Suddenly the buffalo, with the dogs at their heels, plunged into a clearing. In the middle the herd turned sharply, so that the dogs overran themselves and in a moment were beneath the feet or transfixed on the horns of the heavy animals. Most of the dogs escaped, but I saw several tossed high in the air and others mangled under the buffaloes' hoofs. The whole thing was over in an instant. The next moment the herd had charged off in a new direction.

A panic-stricken koodoo flashed into sight upon a steep hillside, followed closely by more than twenty dogs. The slope grew steeper until the unhappy animal found itself face to face with a low precipice. In attempting to leap to the top it fell back, rolling down the steep declivity and carrying with it several of the dogs. The others were after it like lightning, and when it reached the bottom they already held it by the throat. A hare darted with the speed of the wind into a clearing near me, followed by a string of no less than thirty dogs. A big fellow was in the lead; the others were strung out at close intervals behind in groups of two and three. The hare turned suddenly, just as its nearest pursuer was about to snap him, and flashed away like lightning into the bushes on the right. The big dog plunged forward in its original direction and those immediately behind charged wildly after him. One or two, catching a glimpse of the vanishing hare, tried to slow down, with the result that those behind rolled over them in a wild pell-mell of yelping fury. Meanwhile the hare made good his escape.

But it was impossible to follow all these episodes with a single pair of eyes. I saw a female springbok and its fawn try to cross a clearing. The little one was either wounded or exhausted so it could go no farther. Thereupon the mother continued to run around it in a circle until a pack of hounds broke through the brush and speedily ended the tragedy.

After the blacks had sent their dogs inside the circle of fire, they stirred the blaze until it flared higher than ever, and then hid themselves in every favorable place of concealment just inside the line — mostly behind big trees or in dense thickets. There were always several men in a group, for they must be ready to receive the animals with their spears if they attempted to break through the circle. The dogs pursued the game so closely and made such an infernal noise that the panic-stricken animals kept plunging toward the fire, skirting it closely in their effort to find a point of escape. That was the opportunity of the huntsmen, whose spears most frequently found their mark in some victim already wounded. Indeed it seemed to me that a majority of the unwounded animals broke through. None the less there was a frightful slaughter.

The most exciting charge was that of the buffalo. They had beaten off the dogs and came crashing through the underbrush, heads down, toward the line of fire. The blacks instantly vanished. Possibly the distance deceived my eyes, but I did not see a single spear thrown at them near this point. The angry herd turned sharply at the edge of the smouldering flames, and

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skirted them for some distance. All at once one of the animals turned aside diagonally, as if he had been checked by a rope. I learned after the hunt was over that a black had thrown a spear at him from a thicket and struck him in the eye. He swerved a moment, but quickly took up the trail of the herd and chased after it with his tail high in the air.

An antelope appeared from another direction. I noticed it first when it was standing at the foot of the hill in a clearing. It was a magnificent animal, proud and powerful, but its brown heaving sides were wet with blood and perspiration, for it was badly wounded. Two spears dangled from its right flank, and one from its throat. It seemed scarcely able to stand. Gazing around and seeing no dogs in its vicinity — although there was baying on every side — it sank down on the earth and stretched its head out on the grass. Just then a dog, itself grievously wounded, broke out of the bushes and lunged at the recumbent antelope. The latter sprang up like a flash, threw its horns back on its neck, and sped off through the bushes. But such scenes were too numerous to note. I saw a wild boar charge past with a spear in his shoulder which he drove deeper into the wound in his blind rage as he swept along.

By this time the flames had died down and the blacks had ceased to fan them. Such game as had not been wounded was allowed to go. But the dogs hung on obstinately at the heels of the wounded animals, which were so exhausted that escape was hopeless. Here and there I caught a glimpse of a pack pulling down its quarry.

The time had now come to bring the hunt to a close. With a wild shout of triumph, the blacks broke out of their cover from all directions and, forming small parties, rushed to the points where the dogs were baying, ending the suffering of such animals as were still alive with a couple of well-aimed spear-thrusts. Then the slaughtered game was dragged to a clearing, where there was a general review of the day's bag. It made an imposing array of large and small animals, ranging all the way from the powerful koodoo to the graceful springbok. This done, the natives gathered on the hill where I had taken my post, to be praised, and also to refresh themselves; for I had promised them all the native liquor they could drink when the hunt was over. Choice cuts of game were brought to me, while the dogs gorged themselves on the offal in the distance. Feasting and dancing followed, and the blacks gathered in groups around their separate camp-fires, while I sat with the chiefs in the shade of a broad-limbed tree, my heart still throbbing wildly with the excitement of the hunt.

I gazed with a feeling of unreality over the surrounding country where I had just beheld what seemed like a tragic natural phenomenon. I knew I had witnessed an incident taken out of the childhood of the race, a scene revived from primitive history such as the natives themselves had almost forgotten, and certainly will never repeat.

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RECEIVING THE LIVING BUDDHA

BY LAWRENCE IMPEY

From the *China Weekly Review, July* 19
(SHANGHAI AMERICAN WEEKLY)

THIS is the day of days in Mongolia, for to-day the Ssu Lama and his ward, the young Living Buddha, are to arrive at the ancient city and Lamasery of Shangtu to visit their Mongolian subjects. Since early morning the scene has been more brilliant than the pen can portray, as one by one the surrounding Mongol yurts send their quota to the congregation that will welcome their overlord. It is somewhat difficult for the foreigner to understand the veneration in which the young Living Buddha and his mentor, the Ssu Lama, are held, for it is a thing quite outside Western experience and knowledge.

The whole story of the Living Buddha is not without dramatic interest too, for it goes back in its origin to the days of Yuan Shih-kai, who was determined to make himself the supreme power in Mongolia as well as in China, and to this end sent his troops hither from Kalgan and Lama-miao. These troops occupied the ruined city of Shangtu, fought a brief battle outside the Lamasery, and at length overcame its resistance, killing most of the inmates. The Living Buddha of that time was among the slain, but before he died he had found time to hide the bulk of his treasures, and it is stated locally that these are undiscovered to this day. The Lamasery buildings were of course looted, and subsequently set on fire by the Chinese troops, an act which cost Yuan Shih-kai dear, for not only did the action of the military set the Mongolians against him, but the subsequent disturbances were so powerful as to force him to rebuild the temple and pay an indemnity to the Mongols.

A few years ago the Living Buddha was reincarnated in the place of the one who was murdered, and it is he, a mere boy, who is to arrive to-day on his first visit to his possessions. The first signs of his coming were manifested yesterday evening, when camels laden with furniture and hangings began to arrive in preparation for the camp. In the early morning the erection of these furnishings began, poles and panels resolving themselves into the appurtenances of two magnificent yurts, or Mongol dwellings, wherein the Ssu Lama, the Living Buddha, and his feminine dependents were to be housed. The poles rapidly fell into place, the felt roofing was laid on, and the silk hangings were draped around the walls, and all was ready. No, not all, for the silken chair of state was to be brought in, the little table of ceremony to be placed in front of it, and on it deposited the offerings of food and drink suitable to the exalted rank of the visitors. Hardly was this preparation fairly under way than the first arrivals from the surrounding country came in sight. Camel carts, bullock carts, and pony carts all brought their quota, these being mostly for the service of the feminine community, the men riding up on all manner of shaggy ponies richly bedizened.

The camera or the pen is quite unable to give a fair idea of the extraordinary blaze of color that met the eye

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of one who was standing on the temple steps at six or seven o'clock that morning. The women, ranging in age from perhaps ninety or a hundred down to the smallest girls who could hardly toddle, were clad in the most extraordinary color-schemes imaginable. Look with the writer for a moment at one typical group. Three bullock carts are arriving, the foremost guided by an old woman on foot, the other two following peacefully in her train. The lady is clad in a yellow skirt with a blue overbodice, and this is secured at her waist by a blue-and-red silk scarf. Heavy riding-boots on her feet, with a kind of blue-silk trousers tucked into them, peep at intervals from beneath, but this passes almost unnoticed because the eye is caught and held by the sumptuosity of the headdress. It is of red coral strings bound with silver wire and silver tassel ornaments, and on top is a stiff hat of silk and velvet with a red button crowning all. The stiff hairdressing is also a marvel to behold, when one of the women takes off her hat for a final adjustment, being bound up in a kind of knot by similar coral and silver net ornament, the weight of the whole being a matter for wonder and pity in this hot weather.

The cart cortège stops, with a deft hand the traces are let go and the bullocks walk out of the shafts with calm serenity and commence to graze even before the occupants of the vehicles themselves are unloaded. They alight with varying degrees of nimbleness according to their age, but the eldest, an old lady of at least ninety, clad in top-boots and blue-silk riding-costume with a red-silk bodice, drops to her feet with alacrity that most of our Western ladies of fifty would have difficulty in emulating. She brings with her a little mirror and the other ladies congregate round to see that their attire is satisfactory before proceeding farther.

Then the granddaughter, or so one presumes her to be, takes out of the rough cart various bundles and bottles which she surrenders to her elders for inspection. Green silks, blue silks, yellow silks, they all form up and approach the entrance of the Lamasery, where in the gate stands the equivalent of Saint Peter taking the pence of the faithful. With bows and polite words the old lady offers a bottle containing some mysterious concoction, probably scent, to the guardian of the portal, while with the other hand she presents a package of incense to another official recipient. The examination of the presents proving satisfactory the party proceeds within, to be greeted with bows and smiles of recognition by their friends from the locality, and with more formal greetings by those of distant yurts to whom they may happen to be introduced. A tent immediately inside the gate attracts their attention for a moment, and they sip a cup of tea and sour milk with a friend therein, next passing to the temple door to make their formal genuflection before the shrine. Here some little gift is also made, and the ceremonies of the day are over for the party until the arrival of the Living Buddha and his cortège.

Thereupon they join the other groups circulating in the temple courtyard, exchanging greetings and gossip for all the world in the manner of an Occidental crowd on a Sunday morning after church service. With covert glances at the hats and headdresses of their friends and rivals they pass over to the left of the main building, where is the yurt for the feminine visitors and presumably the one intended eventually for the ladies of the high visitors themselves. Here they squat down for a few minutes to sip more tea and eat a few poisonously colored cakes, ere setting forth to order the remainder of their day. This consists of a visit to the main

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kitchen, where they present the assembled cooks with some mutton, some garlic, and some sour milk, on which they expect to be fed for the period of their visit. This satisfactorily accomplished they adjourn to the gateway, where they select a suitable spot and squatting down produce their pipes and prepare to watch the proceedings of the newcomers.

These are coming thick and fast now, in groups varying from three to a dozen, and clad in the most bewildering and dazzling medley of colors and clothes. Mongol horsemen dash up on all manner of ponies with embroidered leather or silver trappings, and scarcely have they pulled the steed to its haunches ere they are on terra firma and exchanging repartee and jokes with their acquaintances who have already come and who are lounging in the gateway. A brief visit to the reception room on the right of the main courtyard seems to be the order of the day for all of them, though, unless it be to comb their queues and black moustachios and swap a few of the latest stories, there is small reason in it. After an even more perfunctory visit to the temple to bow before the altar they are at leisure to follow their own devices, which are much the same as those enjoyed by their feminine partners. They too pass to the kitchen to see that all is in order for their midday repast, though in truth their womenfolk are in charge of that part of the arrangements, it being beneath their dignity so far to demean themselves. Then they proceed to one or the other of the marquees to the right or left of the gate, where they too sip tea and crack a joke with some of the women already there assembled.

Unfortunately they are handicapped in their attire to some extent and cannot really compete with the ladies in color scheme and blaze of glory, but within their limits they too do very well. Here is one worthy in a deep-yellow silk on which are dragons in a curious writhing design, while accompanying him is a friend in a garb of deepest red, also silken, but with no design on it. Next him again is a Mongol with a little circular black-and-yellow silk hat, red button and all, and clad in a garment of blue silk from head to foot, beneath which one sees heavy silk riding-boots and silken trousers. He has a red sash at his waist fastened with a silver badge, and at the side is suspended a silver case containing pen, back-scratcher, and apparently chopsticks. He is evidently someone of importance, for he is followed by a guard with an old Mauser rifle, which looks as if it would burst if perchance it were fired. Up to him runs a small boy of perhaps ten years of age, his son or his grandson probably; he also is clad in the most picturesque of blue silk with red sash, and carries a silver-hilted knife in his belt. The gentleman forgets his dignity for a moment and catches the lad up to his shoulder, bearing him over to the temple to admire the richness of the hangings within.

A lady of some forty summers, evidently the parent of the boy to judge from her proud looks, follows the pair, and when they emerge again from the darkness within the boy is dismissed to her care with a pat of the head and a joke in the manner which is universal the world over. The lady gives him some words of admonition and advice, and then sits down in the tent with some acquaintances to smoke a pipe, while the youngster joins a laughing group of girls and boys and proceeds to the horse lines, where he will debate the points and qualities of the various steeds in a manner that would amaze our younger generation if they could but behold it. The scandal of the hour

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having been discussed in full, the prices of sheep, goats, and ponies compared and lamented, the business of the day is well toward the important occupation of consuming food.

Over in the courtyard on the left is the universal kitchen, where are numerous cooks appointed beforehand, and these busy themselves over great boilers wherein is a conglomerate of mutton, oatmeal, garlic, sour milk, and what looks like vermicelli. Contributions are constantly coming to hand and as constantly being added to the mess by energetic culinary assistants, who are kept busy stoking the fires with an apparently endless supply of *argol* or camel's dung, brought thither by a chain of small boys deputed specially for this duty. As the various families feel the pangs of hunger assail them they produce pots and other utensils from their carts and proceed kitchenward to obtain their share of the good things of this life, dished out to them liberally under the direction of the head chef. These received, they bear them away to some convenient site where they may picnic and at the same time behold with an impartial eye all that goes on around them.

It is now midday and quite a number are busy satisfying the inner man when a sudden burst of rain such as is so frequent in Mongolia toward the end of June sends the male population in a wild scamper to remove their bedizened saddles from the hobbled steeds that are grazing all round the outer gate. We take advantage of the shower, for it will probably be nothing more, to shelter under one of the reception tents and study the types of humanity assembled there. Here is an old lady who is almost blind from age, smoking a wonderful silver pipe with amber mouthpiece, but she pauses for a moment at a whisper from her granddaughter to peer curiously at the foreigner who stands before her. Her blue-silk skirt is beautifully embroidered, and hers is a most gorgeous purple overbodice such as one may very seldom see, while her coral and silver headdress is so massive that it must weigh at the very least five or six pounds, for it reaches in long strings and tassels to far below her waist.

Hardly has the old lady recovered from our bow of greeting than she is assailed by a perfect bevy of ancient dames who have just arrived, and then what a scene is there before us. Introductions, bows, words of formal or of kindly greeting, and the inevitable interchange of snuff. This latter is held in most splendid carved snuff-bottles of jade, amber, or other precious material, and the ceremony proceeds according to some long-established rite. The bottles are passed in interchange from ancient hand to ancient hand, the more they are passed and repassed, apparently, the more formally complimentary being the greeting.

This ceremony is interrupted by a sudden burst of noise outside and the crowd disintegrates and speeds to the gateway to see if perchance it be the Ssu Lama himself. False alarm — it is nothing more exciting than the arrival of the local petty official with his bodyguard. He is dressed up for the occasion in black silk and rides a really quite presentable chestnut pony, but his bodyguard are as blackguardly a collection of scoundrels as one would not desire to meet on a dark night, if appearances count for anything. This collection pile their arms in the courtyard while the representative of authority is greeting the foreigner with bows and smooth words, a mere pretense of gentility in reality, for this gentleman can neither read nor write and is pretty generally ignorant of the state of things in the outside world. He relates a long rigmarole as to the

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enormous wickedness of certain mythical bandits whom at last he has most valiantly suppressed, tells one that there are antelopes in the vicinity for the shooting and that he will be delighted to provide horse and an escort if the *Ta Jen* will condescend to pursue them, and so passes on with empty words and bows of farewell.

The crowd grows ever denser and denser, for now are added a deputation of lamas from surrounding lamaseries come to pay their respects to the 'Perfect Jewel,' the Living Buddha. They are of two kinds, the one religious order clad in yellow robes of ceremony with the blue silken cuffs to their long gowns and yellow hats with a red button atop, while the other is dressed for the occasion in deep red, though its members must not be confused with the so-called 'Red' Lamas, who are the secular and military branch of the order. From a casual study of the neighborhood as represented in the present gathering one would hazard a guess that at least one third of the whole population are lamas, and in this one would probably not be far wrong. It was a wise political move of the old Chinese Emperor Chien Lung when he so strongly furthered the development of the lama orders, for by this means he kept the population of Mongolia within manageable bounds, and indeed some students affirm that he so reduced it that another two hundred years will see it well-nigh extinguished.

Be that as it may, there is no denying that the lamas, secular or religious, are the paramount force in the country for good or evil, for every family has its eldest son within the sacred ranks and is therefore bound up with the aims and purposes and demands of the body as a whole.

As one instance of their authority and power let us ask a question or two of this Mongol next to the gateway. 'Who owns this city and lamasery?' indicating the ruined site before us, some two miles square. 'The Ssu Lama,' is the reply. 'Who owns the ground on the far side of the river to the south?' — a distance of some eight or ten miles. 'The Ssu Lama also, and those are his flocks that you see feeding there.' 'Indeed, and how many are there in that flock?' 'Oh! not many,' is the answer, 'about five thousand only, but he has many more to the east and the north that you do not see from here.'

This one instance gives a faint idea of the riches and power of the lama potentate, who resides for the most part in Peking, from whence he comes on an occasional visit to his pastures in the summer, passing thence to the neighboring town of Dolon-nor or Lama-miao with its two huge lamaseries accommodating over one thousand priests and as many acolytes. Thus one may easily comprehend the respect which is accorded to this dignitary by the Chinese authorities, who claim indeed that Mongolia lies beneath their control, but who have no desire to find a hornet's nest of angry lamas buzzing about their ears, as might easily happen if any disrespect were shown to the potentates of either Lama-miao or Urga.

By this time it is three o'clock in the afternoon, everyone who has any claim on the culinary department is fed, and time is beginning to hang heavy on their hands, the more so as a steady rain has set in from the west, thus confining the majority of the women to the tents and courts lest their finery should get wet. The younger and more energetic spirits among the men get out their ponies and begin to ride around the ruins of the city, partly to watch for the arrival of the Ssu Lama

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and partly to display their special talent to the best advantage. An onlooker might not find their style quite approximating to that favored in the Occident, but he would be forced to admire the way in which they put their ponies at the fallen city walls and surmount the masses of rubble without a stop or a stumble, and to admit that it is a feat which would be but seldom attempted by a foreign rider. Quite probably the sure-footedness of these Mongol ponies is due to the fact that they are not shod, and although their hoofs are in a broken condition that would bring sorrow to the heart of any veterinary they seem in reality to be none the worse for it.

So the afternoon wears on, a few of the crowd drifting away homeward under the dispiriting influence of rain, until about six o'clock the sound of a motor horn is heard in the distance. The guard turns out and is lined up in some sort of order, their officer pushing them into place with the butt end of his whip, while the majority of the Mongols leap to their saddles and are away across country to meet the arrivals.

The débris of fallen buildings, for it must be remembered that this is Shangtu, the ancient capital of the great Kublai Khan, presents no obstacle to the equestrian skill of these Mongols, though amusingly enough the procession is headed in its wild dash by the slight figure of a young girl, who takes all the jumps and even the city wall itself in true Amazonian style. The automobiles come into view now through the opening of the West Gate, curious anomaly in this otherwise historic scene, and drawing up in front of the Lamasery begin to disgorge their contents. There is a wild blare of trumpets, conchs, and horns as the Ssu Lama emerges, the majority of the people bowing to the very ground in their greeting, though it is difficult to tell whether their reverence is for the portly figure of the Ssu Lama himself or for the slight boy of eleven or twelve, the Living Buddha reincarnated and returned to his people. A Chinese officer evidently deputed as escort from Kalgan, whence the motor-cars have come to-day, follows in the rear of the two dignitaries, and all three make a hasty dash for the shelter of the reception yurts, the Ssu Lama bowing to the crowd en route. This appears to conclude the show for the majority of the people, who yoke up their oxen and wend their way homeward, but a few of the more influential are graciously permitted to remain and have the honor of an official reception.

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NIGHT SHOPS OF TOKYO

BY ALFRED E. PIERES

From the *North China Herald, June* 28
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DESPITE exclusion laws, agitators, and suggested boycotts, there is a part of Tokyo's life that flows on calm and unruffled, as it has done for decades, nay, for generations. This is the *Yomisé*, or the night shops of the capital, an institution that existed long before Commodore Perry knocked at the closed doors of this land, and that forms one of the most delightful links binding the bustling, hustling, modern Tokyo of to-day with the Yedo of Old Japan when feudal Shoguns exercised supreme sway. As the name suggests, these night shops commence business after day has fled, and practically the entire neighborhood surges about in the narrow streets, laughing, merry, hunting bargains, meeting friends.

To one who has lived a fair length of time in Tokyo, especially to one who has endeavored to enter into the lives and spirit of the people, these Yomisé are replete with cheerful recollections.

One treasures a little tray, the only thing saved from the earthquake's destruction, because it came from a particularly happy Yomisé jaunt. One remembers how the first actual bargaining in the Japanese language, with the aid of that little handbook that the firm of Kelly and Walsh issues, raised many a good-humored laugh as one dived again and again between its tiny covers to get the right word or phrase, determined to do the bargaining in the vernacular and unaided. Can one forget the silvery peal of laughter that rang out as a pair of dark auburn eyes mischievously flashed mocking mirth, devoid of any malice, at the crude attempts of the stranger to talk the lingo of Dai Nippon? And at the Yomisé, all this comes back in pleasant retrospection. Truly, 'there's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away.'

In the company of an Australian friend whose conversation is as alluring and instructive as it is pleasant, we mingled with the surging, jostling, pushing, laughing, chattering sea of humanity. The Yomisé are one of the *edokko's* — or Tokyo-born native's — greatest relaxations, and an excellent relaxation they are for both mind and body. In the moonlight the children, in their multicolored summer kimonos, look like gigantic butterflies. Under the mental oppression caused by discriminations, boycotts, and rumors of boycotts, the foreigner sometimes feels that it would be a merciful dispensation of Providence if he could always remain a child, if there were no adult creation which so often wrecks the wonderful fashionings of the Master Architect.

We accost first a flower-seller. It is a puzzle to decide what to buy. Children in Christmas toyland could not be more perplexed than we are. Despite Shakespeare, the lean man and the man who hath no music in his soul may yet be fit for better things than treason and stratagem, but what hope is there for him who loves not flowers? My friend cast covetous looks at a beautiful clump of azaleas, of the *kirishima* variety, blossoming in a bamboo bowl, its crushed-strawberry

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hues outrivaling anything that the skill or knowledge of man could fancy.

My thoughts went back to South China where, for a paltry five cents, you can get a bunch of violets or a 'posy' (rose) with maidenhair fern that sends you into transports of delight, and drives you to plagiarize Omar: —

I wonder what the florists buy
One half so pretty as the things they sell.

In many lands, under various climes, I have never yet passed a flower shop without telling myself that these creations from the garden of Eternal Love were never meant to be used in sordid commerce, like pretty women put up for sale to the highest bidder in some slave-market. In Japan, however, this feeling becomes immensely softened because the Japanese loves his flowers with all his heart and soul, talks to them as though to his dearest friends, and seeks inspiration from them.

The time creeps round to midnight and the Yomisé are getting ready to close. From their 'unshoppy' atmosphere — for it does not seem as if the buyers realize that they are making purchases — we go out into the workaday world with tramcars clanging, motors honking, and cycle bells ringing. The sea of humanity that filled the street around the Yomisé flows homeward.

On the midnight breeze floats the shrill voice of a woman, perhaps a geisha, singing, in the melancholy music of Japan, a *dodoitsu*, or lyrical ballad in everyday Japanese. We listen: —

Tsuki no tsukashite
Moshi to mireba,
Matsu wa ureshiki
Nushi no kaho.

Eager for you, I looked
As the moon shone on the pine,
And when I saw your face,
Then instant joy was mine.

'May the Yomisé of Tokyo never retreat before the onrush of "progress," and may they cheer us in the future as they have in the past,' said my friend from the land of the Southern Cross as we reluctantly departed.

THE THREE WISE MEN

BY ERNST THEODOR AMADEUS HOFFMANN

From the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, July* 20
(Berlin Big-Industry Daily)

[Dr. Rudolf Schade of Berlin has discovered a new and authentic addition to the tales of Hoffmann among the papers of his grandfather, the novelist Rudolf von Bayer, who set down the tale exactly as he heard it from the lips of the writer. The introductory paragraphs are, of course, by Dr. Schade himself.]

In his pocket notebook the poet-novelist Rudolf von Bayer, who was one of the intimates of Ernst Theodor Amadeus Hoffmann, describes one of those family symposia in the wineshop of Lutter and Wegner in Berlin, which was famous for its literary associations. It was a June evening in the year 1821 and the date can be even more closely

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fixed by the statement that on that very evening the drama *Fluch und Segen*, by Ernst von Huwald, had been given. The time must therefore be after the eighteenth of June, because mention is made of the first performance of *Der Freischutz*, which took place on that date.

A group of Hoffmann's intimate friends, among them the writer Tromlitz, were gathered at a table in the classic alcove when Hoffmann appeared, after the performance, followed presently by the actor Ludwig Devrient. My grandfather, as he explicitly says, set down the conversation and the little story 'immediately,' so that its authenticity is beyond question.

'I am led about by evil spirits,' exclaimed Hoffmann as he came in, 'consenting to behold such sentimental children's tales. The wolves were excellent, but I was shamed to the bottom of my black soul to see them forced to waste their art on such stupidities. And the public! Ready to play the critical Berliners, they let themselves be charmed when the little boy runs away and sells himself to the rope-dancer so that his papa may not be put in prison.'

'All the same, if it is well acted, the piece will make a hit,' said Tromlitz.

'You are sentimental, Colonel,' said Hoffmann, 'and have every prospect of getting fat.'

'It is impossible,' Lutter put into the conversation, 'to value morality too highly.'

'Yes, we must be moral,' affirmed Hoffmann. 'I have made even our friend Devrient into a moral man.'

At this moment the celebrated actor came in.

'Karl,' he called out to the waiter, 'a glass of Burgundy!'

'There 's morality for you!' said Hoffmann laughing.

'Our friend Hoffmann,' Bayer goes on, 'was in a specially good humor on this particular evening, and gave his whims a free rein. He drew mine host Lutter and Karl the waiter also into the conversation. Lutter, who was as jealous as Othello, had to yield completely, and after the conversation, through some chance word, happened to turn on Bamberg, our master of the supernatural improvised a story which, told in the cirle of a wineshop, was designed to make Lutter even more ill at ease since it was intended to strip Karl's nature of its superficial mantle of simplicity and expose him as the dangerous possible Don Juan. The scene of the story was in Bamberg and I must especially emphasize one thing: that it was wholly and throughout an improvisation, as we learned directly.'

I may add to this explanation by our authority that Bamberg had a special significance in Hoffmann's life, since he had lived there himself from 1808 to 1813 and had there established his literary reputation. As for the setting of the literary story itself, it may be well to say that in Hoffmann's famous story, 'Master Martin the Cooper,' the trade of cooper, or barrel-maker, also plays a part. I print the improvisation here from the loose sheets of paper one hundred years old, which my grandfather left and which I was the first to collect carefully. A genuine Hoffmann, with the gleam of the wineshop upon it, emerges: —

THE THREE WISE MEN

There stood in the ancient city of Bamberg, not far from the Burghof, a stately house in which lived a stately man, rather plump and greatly beloved, since the publican's trade makes its practitioner flourish and wins him the homage of all thirsty souls. He was no longer young, this Herr Balthazar, but he was more hale and hearty than is

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usual, and therefore the good-natured Bambergers held it nothing against him, after so many good things had happened to him in this life, — but wine most of all, — if now and again he tried how courtship might become him.

Balthazar rose one morning — as was his custom every morning — feeling just as usual, except that he found his thoughts on this particular morning running more than ordinarily on the subject of marriage, which was natural enough because it was on the day before that he had seen the young daughter of the cooper Melchior for the first time. The lovely Rosa had come home from the convent where her father had placed her after her mother died, in order to give her a magnificent education. And so our friend Balthazar was feeling happy to-day, for he had had an inspiration. He would go to the master cooper's to order a few tight casks in preparation for the rich vintage which seemed already assured to all good Bambergers, because a comet was blazing in the sky.

Now Master Balthazar was a man who followed the promptings of his heart in other matters as well as *in puncto vini*, and so, putting on his best Sunday-go-to-meeting coat, he went out to see Master Melchior that he might, in well-chosen words, woo the pretty maid. And since Master Balthazar was an honorable man, and the beautiful Rosa was an obedient child, matters were soon arranged, and four weeks later there was a wedding of which men talked long afterward. The father of the bride did not begrudge his bright guldens where his only daughter was concerned, and the poor of the city were not forgotten.

Master Balthazar turned out to be an excellent husband and did everything possible to supply his wife with love and worldly goods, so that everything promised the best of fortune for his household. But a sinister demon lowers at the very spot which mankind thinks the home of good fortune.

Master Balthazar had hitherto had not a single enemy in all Bamberg, but on the day when the young girl, returning from the convent, went to church for the first time, a young fellow caught sight of her and instantly fell hopelessly in love. When he heard the news of the wedding, hatred burned in his heart against the rich wine-merchant, whom he regarded as the despoiler of his own happiness. Of only one thing could he think, and that was to be as near as possible to his beloved, and, if it were possible, cost what it might, still to be happy. One day when Master Balthazar was in a particularly jovial mood — he had just finished an unusually good deal in wine with a man from Würzburg — this youth, mad with love, walked into his guestroom and asked whether the wine-merchant might need a bright young man as his Kellner.

'You're right. I do need just such a man. What is your name?'

'Karl Kaspar,' was the reply.

'Well, well,' said the wine-merchant, 'my father-in-law is named Melchior, I am called Balthazar, and now if I take you into my service we shall be the three wise men — Kaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, all in a row!'

'Oh dear,' said Kaspar, 'I'm sorry to say I'm no wise man, for my father was a journeyman tailor in Ulm.'

Master Balthazar gave a hearty laugh.

'Your words prove,' he said, 'that you are no wise man from the East, since you cannot even understand a little joke. My father-in-law and I are not wise men from the East either, although for my part I would not change places with any king or wise man on earth. I am so happy in my

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countingroom and in my cellar, where the best wine on earth is stored, and so happy at home with my own dear wife.'

A cold chill went through Karl Kaspar — poor devil.

'But all the same I will say,' went on Balthazar, 'that you please me very well in spite of the fact that I don't think you have much sense of humor. Years ago I had a Kellner from Berlin — a man possessed by all the dogs of Hell, who ran off with a hundred kronen. I'll pay you well and you may drink as much as you can hold, but not too much — not more than is proper for a respectable Kellner.'

The guests took Kaspar to their hearts and played all manner of pranks with him, since the Bambergers are very fond of a joke whenever they can find any man on earth who is stupider than they are themselves — though they don't regard themselves so clever as the Berliners, and perhaps they never know what downright irony is. But still, as Kaspar could give really stupid answers, and as most people much prefer hearing stupid things to hearing clever things, it was no wonder that Kaspar became a favorite. Herr Balthazar regarded him as a jewel because the guests always kept having 'just one more,' but the new Kellner found no favor in Melchior's eyes or Rosa's, and the young wife used to say warningly: 'My dear Balthazar, you are nourishing a viper in your bosom.'

'Oh, good heavens, good heavens!' Herr Balthazar would say. 'Is it possible that virtue and stupidity should be so misunderstood!'

But all the same he decided to have a little serious conversation with his useful helper, and after he had secured the necessary fortification in the cellar he began thus: —

'Kaspar, you are misunderstood, as so often happens to genius in this bad world of ours. But I have my suspicions of you, because I have thought you a blockhead. Just being a blockhead is not enough to gain you recognition. You must also seem what you are. If ever in the world you could achieve a thought, you would not be what you are. Now look here, Kaspar, I want to see you drunk. Then you will open your true nature so that I may get to the bottom of you before the others and no longer have any doubts about you. Come down into the cellar; I have a good deal down there for you.'

But the man he thus addressed stormed back instantly: —

'Oh, you red-nosed, goggle-eyed old fogy! May the black Satan himself pour melting sulphur down your eternally thirsty gullet! So I am to confuse my brain with the fumes of wine, am I, and betray myself after I have fooled you so long by pretending to be stupid in order to be able to be really clever? Know, then, that I love your wife whom you married right under my nose, but that all my wiles came to nothing because your wife is a good woman. But I hate you and I swear to have revenge on you because you took my happiness away from me.'

He reached into his breast pocket and laid a pistol behind him on the table.

'Yes,' he yelled, 'I have fallen into the hands of the Devil. He gave me a pistol with a bullet that cannot miss. Samael help me!'

[The reader must remember that Hoffmann told his story when he was still under the influence of the first Berlin production of Weber's *Freischutz.*]

Herr Balthazar had fallen all in a heap on a chair and was staring at the madman with glassy eyes, unable to say a word. The young man had reached behind himself and pulled out a big round salame sausage, which he

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pointed at his terrified employer, holding it under his very nose. He had picked it up from a plate on the table, mistaking it for the pistol.

It was in this situation that Rosa surprised them, confronting one another, as she came in with her father. Her first cry of terror was stifled in her throat and a burst of hearty silvery laughter followed, for she could only think that both of them must have had a little too much new wine. Shame and remorse touched the heart of the lover, who was recalled to his senses by the fortunate interruption, and he slipped the fatal pistol unobserved into the pocket of his coat. His outburst of wrath had restored his inner equilibrium.

The good Melchior found inspiration in the vinous fragrance of the room and the relieving word 'Champagne!' Herr Balthazar, who had pulled himself together, — though a good part of what color he had left was chiefly due to his love of wine, — was in no mood to refuse, and the story goes that the Three Wise Men of the East sat a long time together that evening and broke the neck of many a bottle.

FROM A LOG BOOK

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

From the *New Statesman, July* 19
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

June 6. — The southeast monsoon has broken. The heat and languor of the Red Sea is being washed from us by the Arabian Gulf. The decks to-day, for the first time since we left the Mersey, have been wet and uncertain. This ponderous steel island of ours is surprising in its liveliness. It seems to be able to jump. Quick and abrupt waves heap along our starboard side, and we roll; they recoil, and the sunlight in their translucent summits turns the tumult into brief pyramids of beryl. There are acres of noisy snow, and green clouds foundered in dark glassy slopes. Spectra are poised over the forward deck where the spray towers between us and the sun and falls inboard.

After a nasty lurch I heard more crockery smash below. One of the other two passengers, the young Scotch farmer who has left his Ayrshire oats to try Malay rubber instead, and who was proud to find he was a sailor at the first trial, now seems to miss his placid cows. He groans. At first I was more than a little doubtful about myself, but now I may be able to bluff the Gulf into supposing that I am not a longshoreman. Yet, for a reason about which I can guess nothing, — so strange is the soul and its manifestations, — I have had 'Tipperary' running through my head all day — music, one would think, which could not be prompted by monsoons.

My thoughts are of Paris, and the look of the men of the Essex Regiment in the Mons retreat I ran into long ago. Why? How are we made? For here I am, with nothing to remind me of Crépy-en-Valois, climbing companion

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ladders on which my efforts are checked by an invisible force. I am held firmly to the reality of a ship at sea. And yet that fond and foolish air persists. I wish I had the clue to this.

After sunset, in a light brief and wild, it was a test of one's ultimate faith to be on deck. Was it of any use to pretend that man's indestructible hope is more than blind and pathetic courage? The universe with its stars was adrift. Its remaining bonds might burst at any moment, and away we should vanish into inchoate space. It is darksome to see very heaven itself behaving as though it were working loose from its eternal laws. An anarchic firmament.

June 7. — Bracing myself in my cot last night I read Kidd's *Sciences of Power*. The captain lent it to me, saying it was one of the best books he had ever read. Strange! It would not have been possible for a book which describes as blasphemous nonsense the common opinion of mankind's inborn and unalterable nature, and condemns civilization based on force, to win, before 1914, so handsome a tribute from such a tough character as our skipper. That in itself is enough to prove Kidd's contention that it is the psychic condition of a people which is of first importance. The emotion of a community can be charged for war or for peace.

Our captain's own delight in this new hope is something on account. But the prophets, and all those who have never bowed the knee in the House of Rimmon, have always held that faith, and have worked in its light. Otherwise they would have cursed God and have cleared out of this world by a short cut. Of course, all the material manifestations of our civilization, which we regard as apart and impersonal, are only the reflections of our commonest thoughts, and can be changed as easily as lantern slides. The better world will be here as soon as we ask for it.

This morning the seas are still swift and ponderous. They move down on us in majestic assaults, and attack us with thunderous shouts. Our bulk repels them, and they recoil with shrill cries and a violent hissing. After lunch we were steaming almost under the triumphal arch of a rainbow, and set in that light were our four cadets, at some job on the deck below. Man in his youth is a fine creature. It is easy to admire and respect him then. These boys make the best-looking group in our company. They move about now in singlets and shorts, and smile as though they were enjoying life in a delightful world. They reconcile me to great statesmen, bishops, brigadiers, and the strong silent men. It is dreadful to think that soon they may lose their jolly life, and become serious lumber in the councils of the world, and very highly respected.

June 8. — Rain came like the collapse of the sky at six this morning. As the ship rolled, the waterfalls fell roaring from the upper works. The weather cleared at breakfast time, and immense clouds walled the sea, vague and still. They enclosed us in a glittering, clammy heat. Our captain, who — if you are out early enough — may be caught amusing himself by cleaning with a rag the imperfections on the white paint of a cabin ventilator, has the bearing and look of a scholarly cleric. He is an elderly man, with a lean, æsthetic face. His pale eyes, when they meet yours, have a playful interrogatory irony. Luckily he is clean-shaven, so I can admire a mouth and chin which would become a prelate. His fine nose points downward in critical deprecation.

And there he was this morning. A few men, under the bo'sun, were there also, at some job on the captain's bridge, where we have the doors and windows of our few staterooms. The

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bo'sun is a sailor all right, with the build of a higher anthropoid. If he began to strangle me I should not resist. I should commend my soul to God. I have not seen him bend iron bars in those paws, but if the straightness of a bar ever displeases him he will put a crook in it. He is always waddling rapidly about, fore and aft, looking right and left in dissatisfaction.

I was enjoying early morning at sea in the tropics, trying to keep out of the way. Our captain stood near me, indifferent to my existence, and apparently even of the ship and its place in the sun. The bo'sun, growling in his throat, and lifting a brown and hairy paw in indication, was keeping the men busy and silent. I don't know what happened, but the captain turned, regarded for several seconds in profound disfavor the bo'sun, the men, and their job. Then there was a sudden blast from him which made all those seamen wilt and bend as in a cruel wind. The captain did not raise his voice, but with that deep and sonorous tone which in a peroration from a pulpit shakes the secret fastnesses of wicked hearts he stated how things looked to him in similes and with other decorations that increased the heat till I crept round to the nearest companionway out of it.

June 9. — I met the chief engineer in an alleyway amidships. We stopped to yarn — just to sample each other, I fancy, for in this big and busy community we have not yet become any more intimate than is possible across a saloon table. One of his Chinese firemen squeezed past us, and the Chief's glance followed the man. 'I found that fellow below last week with a bit of spun yarn round his neck. He pretended suicide, I suppose to amuse me. The Chink said, "Me allee same Jesus Clist." I told him he was wrong. Christ did not kill himself. Christ was a topside man, not a devil. The Chink was quite surprised But nothing I could say to him would convince him that Christ was not a devil. "Clist no devil? Velly good."'

He smiled bitterly and shook his head at the joke. It took me some time to get at his idea, but I believe he thought it was incredible that we should go to any trouble about a spirit from which we expected no harm. People only kotowed to devils of which they were afraid.

June 10. — We are nearing the Laccadive Islands. A dragon fly passed over the ship this morning. The wind is southwest, and the nearest land in that direction is Africa, over a thousand miles away. There are terrific showers of rain at intervals. Ahead it grows dark, the horizon draws near, the moving ocean constricts about us and the approaching shapes of its wave become apparitions in a murk; suddenly all is shut out by walls of falling water. Lightning pulsed and quivered round the horizon at night, and there is the querulous crying of a sea bird. The noddies seem to roost on the spars and fixings at night, by the lime marks. One to-night tried to perch on my head, as I was looking out from the bridge. I ducked as the shadow came at me out of the night. Presently I found it was on the deck behind me. It did not object to being handled. I took it below to the deck, where some of the youngsters were fox-trotting to a gramophone on a hatch. It cocked an eye at the musical box, and was a little sick. Otherwise it showed no emotion, and submitted drowsily to the impudent good-nature of the boys.

June 11. — Ceylon was in sight twenty miles distant on the port bow at 2 P.M. I did not notice any spicy breezes, but the water had changed to an olive-green. As we drew abreast of Dondra Head the coast was dim, but the white stalk of a beacon was distinct, and the pulsing light of the comb-

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ers. We seem to have been at sea for an age. The exposed fo'castle head with its rusty gear, where I feel most at home, has become curiously friendly and comforting. I feel secluded there, elevated from the sea, and outside the ship.

The big red links of the cable, the ochreous patterns on the plates, the squat black winches like crouched and faithful familiars, the rush and gurgle of fountains in the hawse-pipes when the ship's head dips, the warmth of the rails and the deck, like the grateful heat of a living body, and the ancient smell, as if I can sniff the antiquity of the sea and the personal sweat of a deathless ship on a voyage beyond the counting of mere days, gave me a deeper conviction of immortality than have all the eager arguments from welcome surmises. I was in eternity. There was no time. There was no death. This was not only the Indian Ocean. Those leisurely whitecaps diminishing away to infinity, the silence except for the monody of the waters, which was really deeper than silence, were Bideford Bay, too, on a summer long past, and the Gulf Stream on a voyage which ended I forget when, and what Magellen saw when he stood west in the Pacific; it was the Channel on the first passage across, and the lure and hope of all the voyagers who ever stood at a ship's prow and looked into the unknown. It was all the seas under the sun, and I was not myself, but the yearning eye of Man.

It was then, when disembodied and immaterial, looking over the ship's stem, both the interrogation and the confident answer to the mystery of the world, that a little flying fish appeared in the heaving glass beneath me, was bewildered by our approaching mass, and got up too late. He emerged from a wave at the wrong angle, and the water and the draught flung him hard against our iron.

ROMANTICISM

BY DEAN INGE

From the *Morning Post, July* 24
(Tory Daily)

Mrs. Olwen Ward Campbell has made a sudden reputation by her brilliant book, *Shelley and the Unromantics*, which combines careful research and shrewd literary criticism with an almost dangerously incisive style. Few of us had thought that there was so much new to say about Shelley. What are the distinguishing marks of what is called Romanticism? Some will say curiosity and the love of beauty. Others love of the picturesque and the horrible, deftly mingled. Others a sentimental attraction toward the Middle Ages. Others a return to nature. Others a recovery of the faculty of wonder.

Some of these are the mere trappings which descended to the Victorians and, in the irreverent words of Mrs. Campbell, provided the fancy dress in which intensely Victorian ideas of morality,

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passion, and metaphysics masqueraded in the poems of Tennyson, Rossetti, and Browning. Mrs. Campbell, I regret to see, still despises the Victorians, though happily she advises us to go back from them to Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley, not forward to the new Georgians, in prose or poetry.

She thinks that the true Romanticism almost died with its creators, to all of whom something happened prematurely. Shelley was drowned; Keats fretted himself into a consumption; Byron sacrificed his life for Greece; Coleridge took to opium, Lamb to alcohol. As for Wordsworth, he simply dried up. Most critics have allowed him twenty years of creativeness; but Professor Garrod is still more severe — in his judgment all that is of primary importance in Wordsworth's poetry was written before 1810, during the rather stormy period of the poet's youth.

There is a false romanticism as well as a true. The eighteenth century, which some love and some hate, — Mrs. Campbell has a holy hatred for that period and all its works, — took naturally to sentimentalism, which agrees fairly well with a comfortable materialism. Artificial Gothic ruins and grottoes, Strawberry Hill villas, and primitive glades laid out by Capability Brown, gave great satisfaction to an age which had no belief in man and very little faith in God. It was in these circles that a dilettante enthusiasm for the Middle Ages, not inspired by any real knowledge of that very uncomfortable period, sprang up. *Ossian* was the delight of half Europe, and was the favorite reading of Napoleon who, as Mrs. Campbell unkindly suggests, was himself a mock-heroic character on the grand scale. All Germany was in tears over *The Sorrows of Young Werther*, a book on which few modern readers dare to say all they think, since the author was Goethe.

What, then, are the characteristics of the true Romanticism, which even in its great prophets is sometimes contaminated with the false? Our author tells us that they are hope and love, springing from faith in the greatness of human nature. Christ, she says, was the first and greatest of the Romantics. He first raised love from a mere incident of fleeting human existence to the preoccupation of eternity. He greatly increased the value of human being as such, by finding greatness not only in achievements, but in the emotions which are common to all mankind. The joys and sorrows of men are what redound most to their honor. Consequently Christ was the real founder of a new and great kind of poetry, both in art and in life.

This very interesting thought is illustrated by a consideration of the absence of romance in Greek literature. I have myself been struck, when returning to classical books which I have not read for many years, by the extreme hardness of the Greek view of life, as shown especially in the great tragedians. There is an article in one of the quarterlies this month on the Greek Fear of Life. The Greeks were not pessimists, but they were nearer to the dangers of primitive civilization than we are. They could not forget famine, or pestilence, or the danger of being made prisoner and sold into slavery. They were afraid of provoking the envy of the gods. Man must know his place; wisdom consisted largely in avoiding the falsehood of extremes. To give way to deep passions was undignified, womanish, and foolish. 'Nothing great,' says a chorus in the *Antigone*, 'enters the life of mortals without a curse.' Violent love was a humiliating disease. Hope also played a small part in Greek thought. The thing that has been is the thing that shall be. History moves in vast cycles,

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which repeat the same revolutions. Periods of progress are followed by periods of decadence and decadence by progress again. They themselves, they were inclined to think, were on the downgrade. Here we certainly have a typically unromantic view of human life. The only question is whether it is not truer than the romantic idea — unless, indeed, we are compelled to identify Christianity with Romanticism.

However that may be, what was best in the Middle Ages was the Romanticism introduced by Catholic Christianity. Their romance was the romance of Christ. Even the heroic folly of the Crusades was Christian knight-errantry, though mixed with much baser metal. Their art, of which the Sienese School of painting is a type, was romantic to the core. The great churches, built when the people lived in squalid huts, testified to much more than the overweening power of the Church. Their legends, which clustered round the beautiful story of the Holy Grail, express the same brooding and visionary devotion in another medium.

Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* is perhaps the supreme classic of Romanticism. Many even of Tennyson's greatest admirers think that he would have been wiser to leave the Arthurian legend where he found it. The story of the guilty love of Lancelot and Guinevere, and of their repentance, too late to save the Table Round, but not too late to save their own souls, is, in Malory's version, one of the most exquisite things in all literature. When we observe the reverence which he pays to a deep emotion, even when wrongly directed, as an error which brings loss and misery, but which can be fully atoned for by deep penitence, we feel that he is not only more romantic than Tennyson, but more profoundly Christian. When the hermit has a vision of Sir Lancelot being borne up to Heaven 'by more angels than I ever saw men in one day,' we feel that Lancelot the sinner has deserved the honor.

Mrs. Campbell is an insurgent. She dislikes the eighteenth century for being comfortable, and the generation which followed the Romantics for being complacent. The fat figure of George IV and the bourgeois virtues of the literary Victorians irritate her. But I think we must beware of undue partisanship. Byron, Shelley, and Keats had hard measure from their contemporaries, no doubt; but, after all, it is no joke to be the wife of a Romantic, unless, like Woodsworth, he ceases to be one at an early age. Their private lives, unsympathetically told, are not much more edifying than the Newgate Calendar. Even Mrs. Campbell admits that a review of Shelley's friends is like a march past of the Seven Deadly Sins. It was, after all, a gain when the muses took up their abode in happy homes like those of Tennyson and Browning.

If the disparagement of the Victorians were only a way of exalting Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth, it might be excusable. But it is surely an error to be blind to the quality which Professor Elton emphasizes in all our best literature between 1830 and 1880 — the quality of nobleness. In that generation we see the prevalence of an ethical, exalted, didactic temper, crossed in poetry by a passion for pure beauty. The seriousness of Victorian literature, its consciousness of a prophetic mission, is an English character of which we have no reason to be ashamed. Pure morality and high aims do not spoil poetry.

This quality of nobleness, Professor Elton thinks, began to decline after 1880, and it has not been recovered

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since. Mrs. Campbell, in her slashing style, blames the novel, 'that ramshackle bastard literary form, in which feeble character and diseased action become the centre of interest. The modern play and novel have for the most part about the same relation to literature as a volume by a quack doctor on the symptoms and development of cancer and dropsy.' This is much too indiscriminate, but some shoulders deserve the lash, even when they do not borrow the *Idiot* motif from Russia or the *Bête humaine* motif from France or Germany. Hope and love, — not lust, — and reverence for human nature, the essential parts of romanticism, are greatly needed in post-war England.

No signs of such a spiritual revival are clearly traceable in the chaos and babel that war has left behind. 'We see not our tokens; there is not one prophet more.' Perhaps he is among us somewhere, unknown; he may be a schoolboy or an apprentice. When he comes I am disposed to think that he will choose to speak to his generation neither from the pulpit, nor from the platform, nor from the printed page, but from the stage. A great dramatist might help us to find our souls.

VILLAGE

BY EDMUND BLUNDEN

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

WHAT happy place we travel through!
Did wallflowers ever look so gay?
Kissed by the periwinkle blue
The old wall stoops above our way.

The chestnut climbs above the church
And torches holds for the sun's amaze;
The wind-cock glitters on his perch,
The cows in dreams of grasses graze.

And this black-clad and ghost-like maid
Whose cobbled shoes so wearily trace
The dust, whose gaze on ground is laid,
Whose steps are wounds — what happy place?

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THE KAISER COMES

BY FRITZ VON UNRUH

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, August 7*
(LIBERAL DAILY)

[FRITZ VON UNRUH, who as a German cavalry officer led his Uhlans through Belgium into France, is more famous as a dramatist. One of his best-known tragedies is *Ein Geschlecht.* He is also the author of two war books — one a dramatic poem, entitled *Vor der Entscheidung*, and the other *Opfergang.* His war diary, from which this article is an excerpt, is to be published in full this fall.]

October 1, 1914. — A cross stands here, bearing the inscription: '*Madame Charles Payen a fait planter le Calvaire: l'an* 1840.' It must have been under fire before this, in 1870. Eight linden trees throw their shadows over it. Knapsacks lie about the roots. From somewhere ahead of me comes the sound of bursting shells. Now the linden trunks are shattered. Crash after crash follows as a full hit is made in the village. Somebody says: 'The firing is coming from the left.' A tall column of earth is thrown up after every shellburst. The sun has the cold gleam of autumn. Shadows are outlined harshly on the ground. On the cross Christ's body writhes in torment. How sad and marked with agony his face! Automobiles whirl by. Airplane messages: 'Two new strong defensive positions of the Frenchmen have been discovered.' To my right dead Frenchmen are lying in the trenches. Some men are shoveling dirt in over them.

The Staff has halted under the apple trees. We receive word of a hole in the road ahead — a three and a half metre ladder does not reach its bottom. Odors of dissolution and decay fill the air. A German plane comes humming back from patrol duty. It lands in a field. The sun gleams on its wings. Little black dots stir in the fuselage. The Staff rises. The General, with his hands in his pockets, walks back and forth. The gold on his shoulder straps glitters. The aviators come toward us across a piece of cultivated ground. Some artillerymen are pulling seven dead horses over a meadow to a big hole. It is cold. We have been in the field two months.

Mist hangs over the meadow. Some of the officers talk about autumn and hunting. Each one tries to avoid the thought of a winter campaign. Reality will bring that all too soon! Some artillery moves through the street. The General says: 'This time you shot well!' 'Good fun, good fun,' returns the commander, laughing. The guns roll forward over the dead into a new position. The apples in the autumn-lighted trees glisten with a strange redness. The crash of the shells comes nearer. The Staff changes position. A storm of artillery fire breaks over the living and the dead. The sky shines blue and bright through shattered branches and smashed walls. The Staff assembles under a pyramid of pear trees in a farmyard.

Our late Ambassador to England, Prince Lichnowsky, rides up in the uniform of a major of the lifeguard hussars. The General: 'You had better get out of this, Prince, we're under

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fire.' 'His Majesty sent me word to have a look at the front.' His laugh rings out, bright and clear as a woman's.

'I can't get it into my head,' mutters a medical officer, 'how that fellow was allowed to represent Germany in London.' A direct hit sends a chimney flying. Everybody dashes to the other side. 'I wish it had nailed the diplomat,' growls a major under his voice. 'We owe the whole dirty business to that chap.'

'Herr Wiedecke, the famous sportsman,' says Prince Lichnowsky, contemplating his well-kept finger nails, 'once told me —' A shell punctuates the sentence.

'Did *he* expect to bridle the hatred of two nations?' snarls the Chief of Staff. 'He was too weak.'

'It was clear to me in a moment,' says Prince Lichnowsky, 'that a world war was unavoidable when Germany permitted Serbia to be attacked by Austria.' Threads of white cobweb float through the air and cling to his bright hussar-uniform. 'He's no German,' growls the Chief. 'Have some champagne,' says the General over his spectacles while he signs an order. Prince Lichnowsky sends for some extra dry that he has brought in his motor-car.

The Grand Duke of Hesse says soothingly to the irritated officers: 'Prince Lichnowsky is right, Germany should not have backed up Austria so vigorously. England will not permit any Power to be supreme on the Continent. She would not even tolerate an all-powerful France.'

A telegram! The General: 'His Majesty will be here in half an hour to inspect the artillery.'

The Kaiser is coming! It runs through us all like a fever. Prince Lichnowsky: 'Then I had better be going. His Imperial Highness has not given me an audience since I left London.' The General: 'Take care — ' he turns to a major of gendarmes — 'take care that the streets are well policed.' The telephones are humming orders.

The dead are hustled out of the way. The parish priest is to bury them. The male inhabitants of the village gather them up.

'The Kaiser, the Kaiser!' That stirs everyone to activity. I have to go through a little shattered house. In a small dark angular vestibule are some closets and wardrobes, their contents pulled out. Straw hats trimmed with blue ribbons lie on a heap of disordered objects. I open the first door. On the mattress of a wide bed that occupies almost all of the little room lies a French corporal with his legs sprawling in his own blood. The upper part of his body is gashed and torn. He is clutching at the bed with both arms. Shadows fall cold and motionless on the blood-sprinkled carpet. In the room behind, still smaller, an officer lies on an iron cot. His legs and the lower part of his body are naked, the left calf is blown away. He too is covered with blood. There is a mysterious silence in his glassy eyes. Both are like wax figures; but the blood is real. There is all the horror and terror of death in these figures of despair upon the beds.

Outside the burial party is hard at work. Through the window I see a dead horse, its rump all yellow and swollen, dragged past behind a staggering horse. The dust floats into the room. An officer comes past. 'Awful business, this war!' A field kitchen stands in front of the door. Vegetables are being cut up and thrown into the kettle. Two women hobble past a heap of dead. One, small as a dwarf, propped up on two crutches, calls to a third and points toward one of her mutilated countrymen, making signs. They all go 'He-he-he!' and walk on untroubled.

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Soldiers are looking for knapsacks and side arms.

'Italy is sending six army corps against France.'

'Don't talk nonsense!' says somebody. 'Nothing but rumors.'

'What is this I hear? America has declared war on England and Japan? Verdun has fallen?'

'Another rumor. It's a wonder, that one!'

'Forty-one English cruisers are sunk!'

Shells begin to burst in front of the village. The square is emptied. Only the dead remain. The shells burst among them. Now the enemy's range no longer reaches the village itself. We venture out. Where a little while ago whole piles of dead men lay nothing is left now but dismembered limbs and fragments. The priest gathers them up and they are loaded on the carts.

A ditch six to ten yards long yawns between the pear trees. On the ground lie twenty-eight French dead in a row. A little man who sweats and wipes his forehead is forcing down the arms and legs to the level of the shoulders. One has to have a knapsack cut away. Now the peasants carry the bodies forward. The legs hang down. Carts are trundled up to the edge of the pit and tilted. The bodies roll down the slope bumping against their dead comrades. A sergeant-major of gendarmes hurries the work along. Stretched out there against the dark earth, the bodies look like a flag, like the tricolor. The peasants sprinkle sand over them. Sand fills the folds of their tunics. Sand conceals the gashes and the blood. Sand, still more sand. The priest makes the sign of the cross. The gendarme looks at his watch in perturbation. 'Ten minutes more.' Once more a new layer is rolled into oblivion. (As I write these words a little beetle crawls across my paper. I snap it aside — it is dead. O almighty sphinx! Had it not also life and breath?)

I peer through the gateway into a completely shattered courtyard. Prince Lichnowsky goes past behind me. 'I am not handsome, but I 'm spry.' He is joking with a transport officer. I climb over the débris into the house. A shell has smashed in the wall of a room. The tiles have poured down on to the floor in a pointed heap. A bristling little cat cowers above. I start to drive it away, but just then, under one of the roof beams, I see a head — a woman! Beneath a tangled flood of dark hair a waxlike face. The eyes are closed, the nostrils are blue, the body is buried in the rubbish. I stroke the hair mechanically. It feels like grass. As I stoop closer a stone falls and sets the head moving. It nods slowly. Something grips me. I want to go — I cannot. Are my legs paralyzed? I shut my eyes convulsively, but even through my eyelids I feel that head nodding, always slowly nodding. 'You too, you too!' A yell is strangled in my throat. 'I too!' Fear lest she open her lips grips suddenly at my heart. My pulse stops short. Between the blue lips I see her glassy white teeth. I swoon.

Voices — 'The Kaiser is already in Ercheu! He will be here at once!' — arouse me. I see my face reflected in a windowpane. White as a ghost! Where am I? Through the holes the shells have made I look out into the garden. Autumn flowers gleam in the evening glow. Twilight is creeping down on me here among the ruins. To whom did they once belong?

I stumble over a dead man. He lies flat on the ground. His body and shoulders are bluish green. Horses are cropping the clover close to his feet. As if in a dream, I rise and fumble my way back to the churchyard.

A major of gendarmes, pulling on his

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moustache, is supervising the burial. Eleven Frenchmen still lie in the flower beds. One corporal's arm clutches another naked arm which, perfectly muscled and proportioned, rises out of a heap of blue-red bodies. If blood had not flowed down and clotted from between the fingers to the elbow, I might have thought it someone pointing. But it is the arm of a corpse. Two more lie underneath the hanging pears. One has a white face, its pointed nose and thin forehead translucent to the bone. Next to him lies a big fat body with legs stretched out, stiff and straight. Somebody is showing the priest a wedding-ring still on the earth-blackened fingers. A peasant says: 'But there is no identification disk.' The priest tears aside the blue uniform. '*Ah, voilà, Gaston!*' He pulls out the lining. The body shivers. '*Un couteau!*' A young man holds out a knife. The priest cuts out the name. Meantime a peasant takes the gold band from the finger and gives it to the priest, who ties it up in the lining.

Far away we hear shouts of 'Hurrah! Hurrah!' A new cart with more bodies hurries past. The peasants make signs that the grave is full. The major of gendarmes orders: 'Go ahead, go ahead! In with them!' The sergeant-major says: 'No more room, sir. The arms and legs will stick out!'

'Stick out!' roars the major and cocks his ear toward the 'Hurrahs' which are coming closer and closer. 'Go ahead, sergeant! Shove them down, ram them in!' The sergeant-major stares a couple of minutes, then gives a command and ten soldiers shove in what is left of the bodies, level them off, and with their big boots stamp them like grass seed into the ground. As the last twisted foot disappears under the earth we hear, long drawn and clear as a Wagner motif: 'Ta-ta-ti-ta-taaa —' '*Der Kaiser!*' cries the major. 'Throw some dirt over them!' And then, turning only once to order, 'Don't leave any more bodies lying around,' he hurries off toward the village street, stumbling over his sabre as he goes.

A motor-car whirls by. All cheer it. Three more follow. In the last is the bodyguard. The General helps the Kaiser out of the car and kisses the hands of the Supreme War Lord. General Staff officers conduct him to a table. The monarch bends over the maps while the troop positions are being explained. I glance through the door toward the headquarters flag where the red-headed major of gendarmes is quietly greeting the Kaiser's Adjutant and whispering something with a chuckle. When a chance for concealment offers, he makes a sign. The aides, covered with the dust of their automobile journey, form a wall with their broad shoulders. The woman's corpse is smuggled past in a wheelbarrow. Plenty of room in it for her legless trunk. It is covered with a shirt. The priest and the peasants accompany it. At every step the head nods. The hair streams back in the mud of the street. The head keeps nodding — ah, that woman's head!

The Kaiser looks up. 'Oh, here is the Grand Duke!' They kiss. 'Lord Grey is in Rome!'

'In Rome?' says the Grand Duke. 'If Italy begins operations against us, the thing will be serious!' The Kaiser laughs and starts down the street with the General.

'Will he believe nothing but good news?' asks the Grand Duke of the General Adjutant. 'His Majesty,' the officer replies, 'sees the situation in an optimistic light.'

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A PAGE OF VERSE

TO A PROUD BEAUTY

BY REGINALD CRIPPS

[*The Magic Grape*]

As iron rusts and steel abates his brightness,
As lilies, dying, smirch their silver whiteness,
So all the glory and the grace of thee
Must fade and perish and forgotten be;
Oh, they will pass, no sighing may redeem them,
More dear to death, the dearer we esteem them.

FOR TALK'S SAKE

BY E. N. DA C. ANDRADE

[*Airs*]

So we think now; but Ah, you say,
When morning comes with clear, cold light,
And, waking with the gray
After forgetful night,
We see these thoughts, these doubtful deeds come back,
That the moon makes so right,
We shall repent, repent; reflect and find no rest
Because the day knows best.

So, too, they say, if youth should do
As seems youth best, while youth is here,
Nor, careful what ensue,
Look to the future year,
Fearing the man whose days run down may rue
Rightly what now seems clear.
If 'present' wins, he fails, the event must prove unblest,
Because old age knows best.

So: and all this is, maybe, wise,
And very right, and very just.
But, to philosophize,
So all may be discussed,
Suppose youth's purpose clear, and, as youth's eyes,
Worthy a little trust.
Suppose, I say, suppose (for talk's sake; make no test)
That night, that youth knows best.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

TRIBUTES TO JOSEPH CONRAD

THE chorus of regret that went up from the British press after the death of Joseph Conrad was curiously free from the stereotyped conventionality that has a way of creeping into the death notices of great men — for no one questions that Conrad was a great man, and the English critics with perfect unanimity assign the Polish sea-captain a permanent place among the immortals who have written the speech of Shakespeare. They seem to be quite conscious of the remarkable achievement they record. Comment is frequent on the strangeness of the career that made a Polish boy, inland bred, first a sea-captain and then, in his own lifetime, a classic in a foreign tongue.

'The real miracle,' says the London *Outlook*, 'was that he, a man of an inland nation that has neither shore nor ships, should interpret the sea to us as no Englishman has ever done. Imagine an Englishman producing an acknowledged German classic on music, a Frenchman writing a standard work on cricket, or a German the recognized authority on British Parliamentary procedure, and one gets some idea of the great achievement of Conrad when he explained the sea to England.' The *Spectator* says simply: 'Thus one of the strangest literary careers comes to a premature end. All the world now knows the astonishing story of Mr. Conrad's life, or rather his three distinct and separate lives: those of a Polish landowner, an English merchant seaman, and a great novelist.'

There is a fine feeling of honest sincerity in the estimates of Conrad that have appeared, and none of the cant conventional when a great man dies. It is one way of seeing how deep an impression the novelist made on his own time. Every article about him bears the unmistakable ring of a writer who has known and loved his subject. The genuineness of the appreciation is one reason why English critics dare to criticize him even as they write upon his death. The *Outlook* says frankly that Conrad was a stylist rather than a writer of narrative and that he lacked humor.

Except in his short sketches, such as that marvelous piece of work, *Typhoon*, he had no real gift of narrative — no sense of getting on with the business in hand. He wanders round and round the point, as in that famous business of *Lord Jim*, and nothing happens; in chapter after chapter the thing is approached from every point of view, but for two or three hundred pages the catastrophe, which had occurred before the book opened, is not described. Nothing seems to happen; but it is a tribute to the real greatness of Conrad that we feel in the end that everything has happened that could possibly have happened; and that, as in life itself, the play has most gone forward when it seemed to stand most still.

These, however, are not the arts that make the best-seller, and there is no doubt that it was largely this deficiency in the art of narrative, in the mere business of telling a story, that delayed Conrad's popularity, and reduced him to the acceptance of one of those Civil List pensions with which the British Government sometimes ekes out a publisher's royalties. Conrad is emphatically not for the hasty or superficial reader, who likes a plain tale and no trimmings to his literary dish.

For another reason he will never be a universal favorite like Dickens. Apart from

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the above defect in his mechanism, he had no humor. He never attempted the rustic wit of Hardy, and there is none of the smart Cockney repartee of Dickens; he is fundamentally a tragedian, a man with a pessimist philosophy of life.

The *New Statesman* says: —

He has created a world, and this achievement places him at once among important imaginative writers. The implications of that useful critical phrase are that the writer's imagination has left so vivid an impress on all he describes that his reader finds it easy to adopt temporarily the same way of feeling and judging, and is aware of an inner emotional consistency, not necessarily logical, in the author's whole response to experience. It may be a bubble world, but it holds together. There is an indefinable congruity between the author's moral values, his sense of beauty, his sense of humor. The reader feels that it is inevitable that the man who sees human nature in that particular way should also see nature and inanimate objects as he does, should grieve or rage over a particular event, or sing a *Nunc dimittis* on such and such occasions. This is the difference between a creatively imaginative work and a work which is the product of intelligence. Intelligence is a modest selective faculty — it borrows and envies 'this man's skill and that man's scope.' It can achieve wonders, but it cannot do one thing: it cannot create that unity of apprehension which is the life breath of a work of art.

It was not the exploitation of tropic forests or tropic seas which made Conrad a remarkable novelist, but this power of thus creating a world dyed through and through with his own imagination; his Soho was as much part of it as the Amazon. Of his contemporaries only Meredith, Henry James, and Hardy have done the same; they too have blown great comprehensive, iridescent bubbles, in which the human beings they describe, though they have, of course, a recognizable resemblance to reality, only attain full significance in the world peculiar to them.

The Dean of Canterbury, preaching in the Cathedral on the Sunday after Conrad died, declared that Conrad just before his death was the greatest writer of English prose.

*

THE EPICENE EPHEBE

THE British Isles are not gladdened day after day by newspaper colyumists like F. P. A., Don Marquis, or the lamented B. L. T. Manchester, however, is blessed with a perfectly satisfactory substitute in 'Lucio,' who contributes to the *Guardian* gay satirical verses with perfect good-nature and almost the regularity of one of our own 'colyum-conductors.' He entitles his latest effusion 'The Fallen Highbrow' — himself, if you please — and explains his lines as being 'written in reply to a most unfortunate request — there being no dictionary available — for a translation of the following passage from a notice of *Romeo and Juliet* in one of the weekly reviews: "Still he (Romeo) was a great improvement on the epicene ephebe who is usually served up to us."'

Critics *will* write that way sometimes. No one can stop them and still fewer can understand them. Small blame to 'Lucio' if he too fails. Consider the alarming array of the baffled journalist's intellectual attainments: —

THE FALLEN HIGHBROW

I'll sing thee songs of Araby, or chat about Herodotus,
  Supply the rules of poker, or the law of tithe and glebe,
Explain an ohm and other terms with which the learned prod at us,
  Contrast the works of Sardou with the plays achieved by Scribe;
I'm very hot on vitamines; I'm ready with a homily
  On axolotls' habits, or the Great and Lesser Grebe;
I know my atlas through and through from Wrangell Isle to Romiley,
  And music never baffles me from Ravel to Delibes.

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In fact, I'll talk on anything — the totem rites of savages,
The incidence of measles, or statistics of inebriation's horrid pitfalls and its dreadful urban ravages —
But, oh! You've got me guessing with an epicene ephebe!

⚜

ANCIENT TOMBS IN OUTER MONGOLIA

SOVIET newspapers carry an account of the archæological discoveries made in Outer Mongolia, in the Kentei district to the northeast of Urga. In March an expedition led by the archæologist, Colonel Koltzoff, discovered three groups of ancient burial mounds. Here they unearthed the remains of Chinese princes or perhaps of emperors.

The mounds were placed in rectangles marked off by a round earth rampart and large boulders. The tombs beneath were strong wooden structures with double or even triple ceilings. The sarcophagi were arranged in a north to south line, and subterranean passages with twisted columns draped in silk branched from the central chambers. The walls were adorned with embroideries of men and animals, and among the treasures in the mounds were beautiful carpets in whose designs were woven mammoths, stags, lynxes, and mythological animals. There were many embroideries, bronze statuettes, long plaits of black hair sheafed in silken cases, semiprecious stones and wooden figures. The silks are embroidered with ancient Chinese characters, many of which have so far proved undecipherable.

⚜

THE SAD FATE OF THE 'ALMANACH DE GOTHA'

WHEN the *Almanach de Gotha* was founded 161 years ago, the profession of royalty was flourishing and popular. People outside the trade admired its happy practitioners and tried to get into the game if they could. Some of them succeeded — the two Napoleons, for example, or Bernadotte.

But things are no longer what they were — it is probably the most popular of all truisms since the war. The simultaneous dethroning of the kings and princes and dukes that reigned in Germany almost threw the famous Almanach out of business. But the publishing house of Perthes have since made up their minds to keep royalty going as long as is humanly possible. They have partly made up for Europe's shortcomings by turning to Asia and Africa, and are still able to show a fair sprinkling of crowns about the globe.

Royalty which has abdicated is still included, but the sad word *Abdiqué* appears after the title, or perhaps an heir changes this simple formula to the more elaborate *Exclu par son père de la succession au trône*. The Japanese Royal House was properly recognized for the first time in the 1922 Almanach after a feud of nearly half a century because the snobbish publishers insisted on relegating the ruler of the greatest Asiatic Power to the second section of their Almanach, which is devoted not to royalty but to high officials and statistics. The bitterness felt by the Japanese — justly proud of their national history and achievements and invariably sensitive on the question of race — is not hard to understand. Other rulers who were similarly treated in the old days were the former Emperors of Korea and China, the late King Theebaw of Burma, the former Queen of Madagascar, the Sultan of Zanzibar, and the King of Siam. For some reason best known to publishers of the Almanach, the Turkish Sultan has long had a place among the European royal houses.

The Mikado's family thus has the distinction of having won a victory

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over a publishing house which did not hesitate to stand up to Napoleon. After the conqueror had wiped out of existence most of the petty sovereigns in the Holy Roman Empire, the editors of the Almanach calmly ignored his handiwork and retained the names of the deposed rulers as if they were still secure upon their thrones. Napoleon, in a fury, had the entire issue confiscated by the police and a new edition brought out; but the publishers, the moment it was safe to do so, repudiated all responsibility for the new edition.

It is discouraging to note that the present addresses of some of the ex-royalties are in very second-rate suburban neighborhoods — very likely the best they can afford. Divorces sprinkle the pages with brutal frequency, royal couples whom crowns or the prospect thereof once held together having apparently decided that if there is to be no crown there is no particular use in staying married. Where the change in rank has not led to divorce, it has very often led to the convent or the monastery.

✽

KARL MARX, THE UNCO' GUID

IT is a scandalous fact — which all those yearning and earnest souls who style themselves 'advanced' do their best to hush up — that the patron saint of Bolshevism, Karl Marx, adored his wife through twenty years of married life. Like most blots on the 'scutcheon, this flaw in the Communist hero's life keeps popping out at embarrassing moments and three years ago in Moscow was the means of covering the redoubtable Madame Kollontai with dire confusion. It is not ordinarily easy to cover Madame Kollontai with confusion — nor was it safe either, in the days when Dzerzhinskii's Cheka cohorts were in active and undisguised operation.

The incident, which occurred at a very 'advanced' meeting in Moscow, is narrated by E. K. Kuskova, writing in the Russian refugee organ *Dni*, published in Berlin — whose readers, being unable to poke bayonets through the Bolsheviki, as they would like to, have to content themselves with poking fun at them. Kollontai was expounding her theories of Communist morals.

'Comrades,' she began, 'the hypocritical bourgeoisie often talk about what they call eternal — or at least very protracted — love. For instance, they tell how John Stuart Mill loved a certain woman twenty years until he finally married her. . . . These are bourgeois tales. . . .'

'And how about Marx, then, who loved his wife all the twenty years he lived with her?' somebody interrupted in the plaintive tone of one who feels himself deeply aggrieved.

Kollontai showed great irritation and replied sharply: 'Comrades, you must not interrupt. What were you shouting, comrade?'

'Well, I *was* shouting! How do you account for the fact that Marx loved his wife all his life long?'

Kuskova looked at his neighbor, who was shaking with laughter and whispering: 'Fine! He got her fine!' Others also laughed and whispered. The satellites of Kollontai rose threateningly from their seats upon the platform. The chairman of the meeting requested silence. The deplorable affection existing between Marx and his wife remained without official explanation.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Across the Sahara by Motor Car: From Touggourt to Timbuctoo. By G. M. Haardt and Louis Audouin-Dubreuil. With an Introduction by André Citroën and Illustrations by Bernard Boutet de Monvel. Translated from the French by E. E. Fournier d'Albe. London: Fisher Unwin, 1924. 12*s.* 6*d.*

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THE authors of this book were the leaders of the expedition that crossed the Sahara from Tugurt to Timbuktu and back again in the winter of 1922–23. The point of their achievement lies in its having been accomplished by caterpillar car and in such a way as to make the traverse of the desert henceforward no more than a matter of organization. They took five light cars of ten horsepower — each built to carry three persons — some 2000 miles in twenty days, and brought them all to Timbuktu in such condition that they were able to make a return journey that was not included in the original programme — a journey that was completed with the same mastery over the conditions as the first. They have sent the camel to join the Long Serpent; and the change they have brought about is more momentous, for the ship of the desert was more limited in scope than the ship with sails.

The war spurred the French to attempt what they have now achieved, and it was the development of mechanical traction during the war that made the feat possible. The war had brought home to them how much they depended on the resources of Equatorial Africa — not only in men, but in supplies of all sorts, from the oil of Senegal to the rubber of Guinea and the Congo. It had proved, too, that their colonial wealth could not be realized in time of need without the establishment of rapid, safe, and permanent communications between their various possessions in Africa. M. Citroën, the 'originator' of the car, contributes an introduction in which he describes its features and the elaborate and detailed preparations that he made to eliminate the risk of the expedition failing. The cars were equipped with 'an endless rubber band. a sort of moving rail, supple and resistant, which unrolls under the vehicle.' It is significant of sound workmanship that we hear no more of the rubber band except this further description: —

'While the pneumatic tire, even when doubled, digs into the sand without gripping it, and necessitates not only the employment of the shovel and the lever, but even mules and camels in difficult places, the caterpillar begins by heaping it up and planing it. And while it rolls over it easily without jerk or effort, it pushes it behind in progressing over the surface. One may almost say that it makes its own road by passing over it. Thanks to its suppleness, the caterpillar behaves somewhat as does the wide soft foot of the dromedary, the most beautiful instrument adapted by nature herself to the friable and powdery soil of the dumes.'

The car was required to deal with other surfaces; we read of a car while on a steep slope being hurled on to a block of stones. The impact broke a driving pulley, but this and one similar accident — which kept the mechanics at repairs for several hours — were the only approach to a breakdown on the double journey. How smoothly and in what regular order the cars contrive to proceed may be gathered from the 'consternation' with which the pilot one night noticed 'an anomaly in the convoy.' The last car was exposing not its headlights but its red rear light — and that was diminishing! What could be the explanation? It was simple enough: the tired driver had gone to sleep at the wheel and the caterpillar had made for the north.

M. Citroën has every justification for describing the traverse as a 'triumph of French industry,' and he might have added that there was a triumph of French method in the clear-headed preliminary thinking which removed as far as possible all obstacles from the path of the machines. The two authors seem to have shared equally the duties and responsibilities of command. M. Haardt, the general manager of the Citroën factories, may be regarded as the engineer, and M. Audouin-Dubreuil as the navigator — he was a cavalry officer who, besides having experience of aviation, had made previous expeditions into the desert by motor-car. Just as the triumph was typically French, so is the ceremonial courtliness with which it is described. Where in a corresponding English book there would be references to past administrative muddles, in this there is nothing but praise for the work of France and her officials. The precautions taken were so effective that the party was never in imminent danger, but the authors describe with imagination the risks to which as desert travelers they exposed themselves. The most awe-inspiring is thirst: —

'It is a great shock to see the corpse of a person dead from thirst. It is a dried mummy. The skin has the color and consistency of leather, and is frequently covered with ulcers as if the body, burned by an inner fire, had in its agony opened new mouths to tell of its sufferings and ask for drink.'

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The party had to rely on the water taken with it for the 800 miles of 'the Tanesrouft or Land of Thirst'; on either side of this forbidding district there were supporting columns based on wells. 'Then there are marauders who slip silently through the night on their tireless camels. To cross camel tracks was to redouble vigilance. Another danger was from the sandstorm. A danger peculiar to the enterprise rather than to the desert was being misled by local guides. The guides knew the country and were absolutely loyal, but they calculated by camel-time, not by distance, and the pace of the cars threw them out. But all difficulties were foreseen and overcome — with so much to spare that at all halting-places of consequence the explorers were able yet further to consider the prestige of France by stepping from the car clean-shaven and point-device.

The Government of France, by Joseph Barthélemy. Authorized translation by J. Bayard Morris (Scholar of Queen's College, Oxford). London: Allen & Unwin, 1924. 6*s*.

[*New Statesman*]

THERE are worse books, and there are also better books, than this on the French political system. M. Barthélemy gives us a pretty concise and clear account of the main branches of his subject. But he colors it a good deal with his own opinions, which are decidedly conservative. He believes that 'it may be said without irony of the French system of government that it is the envy of Europe.' He admits, indeed, that there are defects to be remedied; but a great many of his readers will demur to the reforms that he advocates or rejects. He has some doubts about the advisability of making the Senate a court of criminal jurisdiction, but he is satisfied with it as a political body, reactionary and obstructive though it is. He thinks, like M. Millerand, that the President of the Republic could render still greater service to the country than he now does if he had greater authority. He defends the centralizing tendencies of French administration, for he is all of a tremble lest local autonomy should degenerate into anarchy. He also defends secret diplomacy, and deprecates 'wild talk' about the necessity of the will of the people prevailing in international politics. 'The so-called people whose will is in question,' he observes, 'has become nothing more than the fiercest and rowdiest part of the nation.' Is not that also 'wild talk'?

The book, it should be said, was originally published in Paris in 1919, but M. Barthélemy has supplied the translator with new matter in order to bring it up to date. There are, however, still one or two passages which had better have been excised — as this, for example: 'We are still far from knowing all the clauses in the treaties by which the Bolsheviki . . . have delivered Russia into the hands of Germany. Against the network of secret treaties which threatens to envelop her, France must be able to defend herself if necessary by other secret treaties.'

Is It Good English? by John o' London. London: Newnes, 1924. 2*s*.

[*Observer*]

'JOHN O' LONDON' is a most kindly, as well as a most entertaining, counselor upon the niceties of language, and his new book reasons out, patiently and luminously, a number of the commonest riddles of correct usage. In his general outlook the author is against what he calls the 'grammaniac,' and holds that the standards of clearness and effect will always triumph over that of mechanical rule. He shows why the adherents of the latter are wrong in their objection to 'The tumult and the shouting *dies*,' because of 'the superior magnetism and emphasis of the singular verb,' and his exposition of several other divagations is equally commendable.

He is a little too tender, perhaps, to the split infinitive, holding that this construction may be admitted when the alternative is ambiguity or artificiality. But is this ever the case? 'John o' London' sanctions on this ground the sentence, 'With us outside the Treaty, we must expect the Commission to at least neglect our interests.' But is it not better to say: 'We cannot expect the Commission to bear our interests fully in mind'? 'Alright' is stigmatized as 'the most fusty, invalidish, picture-postcard misconcoction that has aspired to a place in the language.' In his warfare against such perversions and against 'phenomenal' one may wish all power to 'John o' London's' elbow.

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THIS is about Menaces.

Menace of man and of the elements.

For, on Thursday, the October number of Scribner's Magazine will be out, wearing a title on its cover for Dawes to peck at (begging Shakespeare's pardon).

General Dawes has in his picturesque fashion condemned the radicals and all their works.

* * *

Here is another story.

There was once a newspaper correspondent who was thrown out of Russia by the Bolsheviki.

When he returned to America, he set out to find out about the rumors of Red Revolution in America.

In his quest, he mingled with workmen of all sorts, with leaders of various shades of radical sentiment. He has made a survey of radical thought in America.

The result is in the October number of Scribner's Magazine — "Radicalism in the United States" by Edwin W. Hullinger.

See if you and the General agree on the subject. Is the result to be obtained by fighting radicals or fighting conditions?

* * *

Thomas A. Jaggar's "Predicting Earthquakes" is something of a seismic shock in itself.

Many will find that they are not as secure from the earth's antics as they thought.

Dr. Jaggar's picture of the New York earthquake of 1932 is not designed to make the inhabitants of Manhattan feel any more comfortable, either.

* * *

These are two of the particularly timely features of the October Scribner's Magazine, which will be out next Thursday.

They are not surrounded by mediocre material — two stars with a poor supporting cast. The others have speaking parts and do them well.

* * *

Pictorial features, stories, essays, poetry —

And William Lyon Phelps, of course,

Add immeasurably to this October number of Scribner's Magazine, published next Thursday.

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